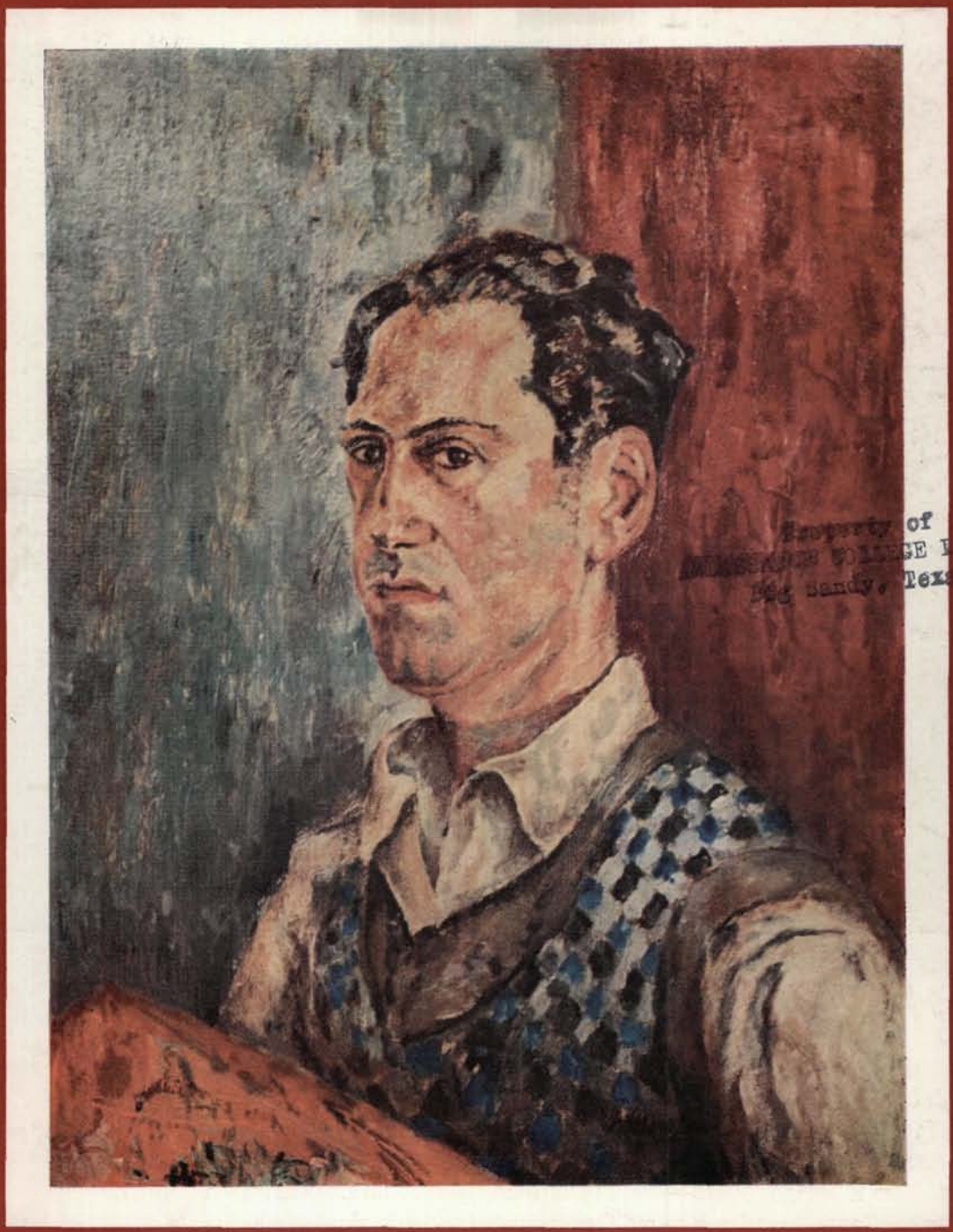
WILDERNESS AS A TONIC By Joseph Wood Krutch

Saturday Review

JUNE 8, 1963 25¢



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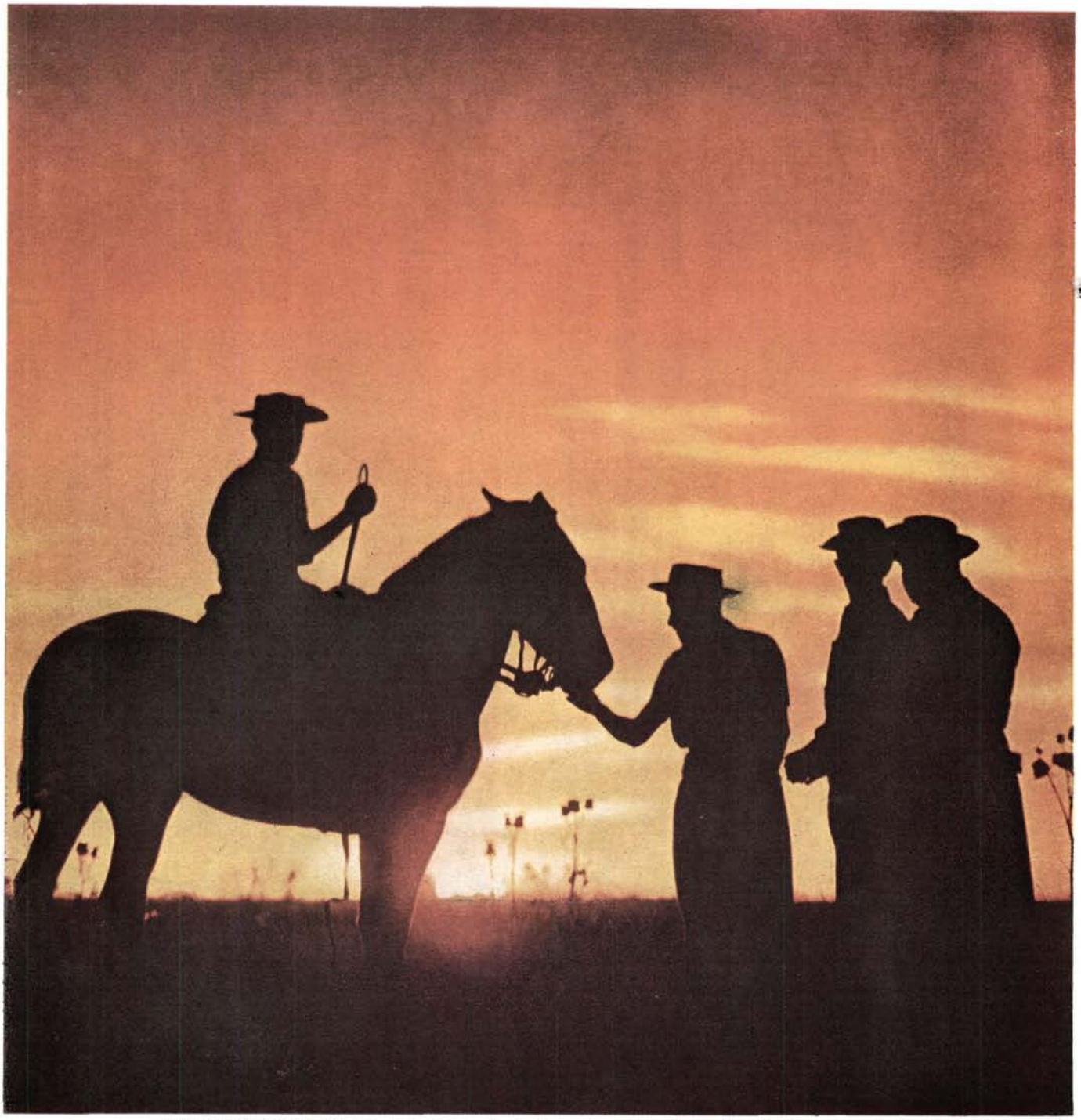

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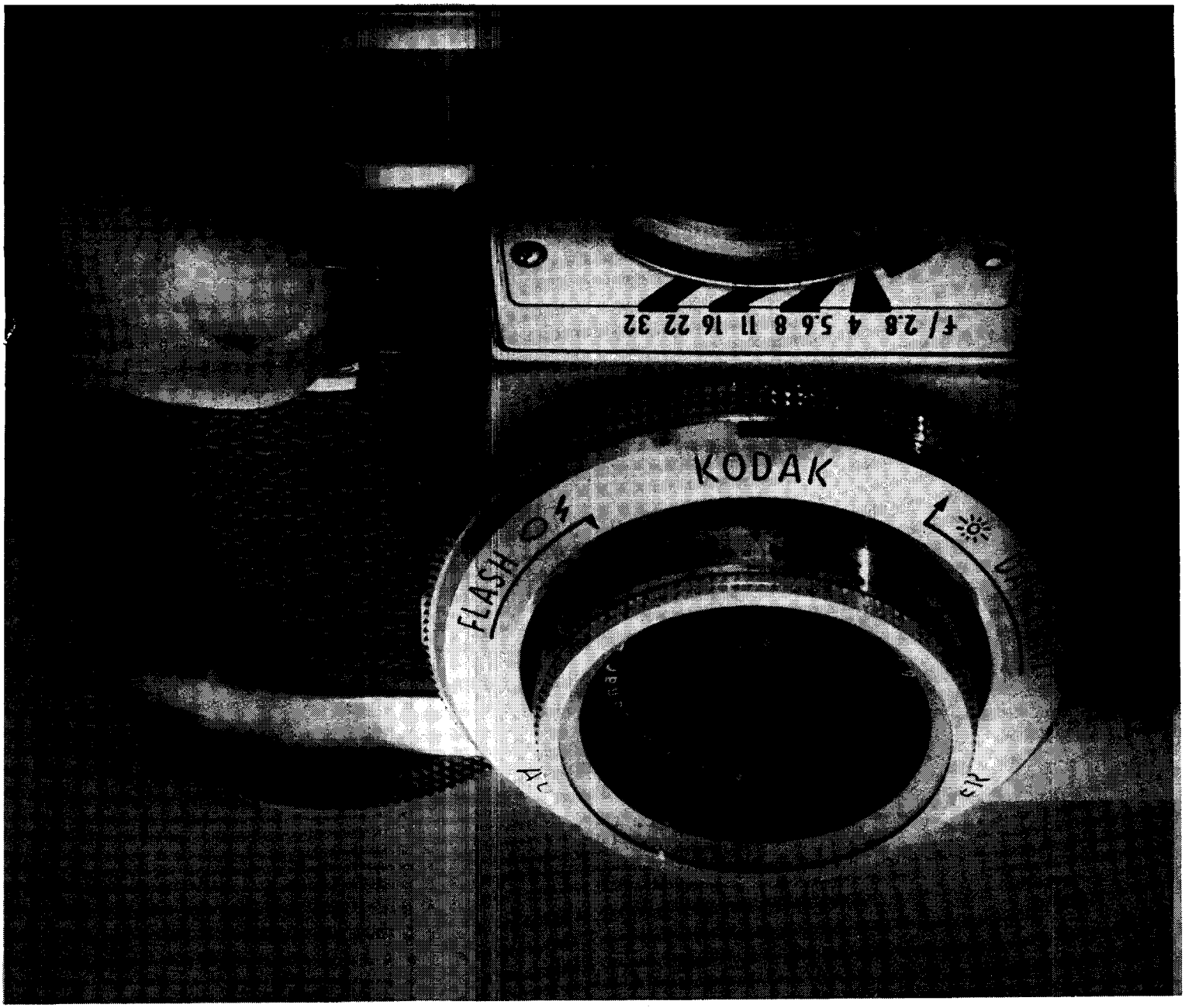

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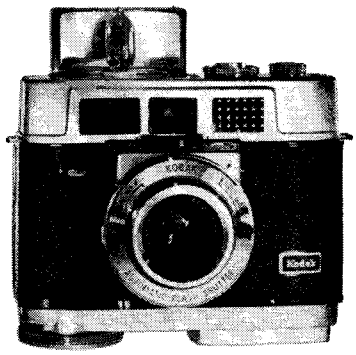

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"The guerrilla," Mao Tse-tung once said, "swims like a fish through the sea of men."

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Few people in the Western camp have thought systematically about informal conflict, and nearly all these few have been employed by a government, so their theses cannot be as free-swinging as they might be.

In fact, the first wholly independent study of the entire subject that I know of is "Conflict in the Shadows," a book on the nature and politics of guerrilla warfare written by James Eliot Cross.

It's equally important, of course, for a book like this to be informed as well as impartial, and Mr. Cross, who served with the O.S.S. and who is now with the Institute for Defense Analysis, is just that.

From our point of view, Mr. Cross paints a grim picture. Guerrilla war is inexpensive to wage, easy to start, hard to counter. In many situations there is no once-and-for-all answer. There are, however, actions that America can take, both in counteracting existing offensives and in preventing new ones. "Conflict in the Shadows," presenting these alternatives, is a disturbing and valuable book, and I urge you to read it.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Conflict in the Shadows" ($3.95), by James Eliot Cross, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, La.

Saturday Review

June 8, 1963

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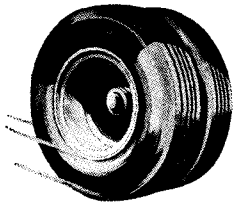

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ATTENTION JUNE GRADUATES

For getting on in the world
A formula's much in request,
But *push* will open some doors
And *pull* will do for the rest.
—Earnest Elmo Calkins.

• • •

ETIQUETTE

IT IS no secret, by now, that human beings have been replaced by baskets at toll-booth stations throughout the country. I, for one, am not at all sentimental about the substitution since I feel, in the first place, that human money-collecting on highways is undignified and probably boring, and in the second place, that baskets are much better suited to the job than human hands. Baskets are wider and never clammy. A basket cannot make change, but that is only a temporary deficiency. With very little effort, baskets can be designed and then programmed to subtract ten or twenty-five cents from anything up to a $1,000 bill. There would then remain only one problem for the basket. It cannot answer such questions as "What exit do I get off at if I'm going to New Hyde Park?" or "How far is it to the next rest station?" Theoretically, of course, a basket *can* be programmed to answer these and any other reasonable questions, although it is unlikely, even in theory, that a basket can ever respond intelligently to such a remark as, "The baby just threw up. Do you have a towel or something?" Nevertheless, that problem can be solved by keeping one human being, supplied abundantly with towels, in some sort of emergency booth.

This solves all of the problems from the basket's point of view. But there still remain several for the motorist, almost all of which concern his sensibilities: Each basket has an appendage that has been programmed to flash "Thank you" after the motorist has performed his civic duty. Common courtesy, of course, impels the motorist to respond. In these circumstances, however, one would feel quite silly saying "You're welcome," unless one had some sort of assurance that his courtesy was understood and perhaps appreciated. I know many motorists who refuse to say anything to the basket *only* because they assume the basket is indifferent to their responses. This is perfectly understandable, but it could be corrected if the basket were programmed to respond to "You're welcome" by flashing something like, "Well, it *was* awfully nice of you."

There still remains the problem of what one is to do or say when the coin has missed the basket. After the coin has been retrieved, the basket's appendage still, to be sure, says "Thank you," but unquestionably the remark now has a sarcastic ring, which only adds to the sheepishness one already feels. In such cases, the sensitive motorist will invariably say something like, "I'm terribly sorry," to which the appendage could not, in all courtesy, reply, "Well, it *was* awfully nice of you." *That* simply would not do. Perhaps the basket can be programmed to reply, "That's quite all right. Others frequently make the same mistake."

Such a reply would surely make the motorist feel that his efforts are appreciated, and he could proceed down the highway with that exhilarated air that comes to those who have exchanged cordialities with somebody, or something. —Neil Postman.

• • •

WISDOM IN THE SUN

A FEW days back I took forty minutes away from my desk and went out and sat on the terrace, in the sun, and thought thoughts. In the course of the forty minutes I managed to solve two of mankind's most troublesome problems.

As regards the population explosion, I propose that every married couple be restricted to the production of two children—just sufficient to replace themselves. This of course will not stabilize the population, because there will be some couples who don't want any children at all, and others who want their twosome but are not able to produce them. So, a sort of Baby Bank will be built up—a worldwide infancy reserve. I propose that people who already have two children and want to draw on this Baby Bank be given a means test, and if they can prove that they have over a half-million dollars in the money bank, and that there is no more moronic blood in them than in the generality of citizens, they will be permitted to have more children. There is one more point to this great plan. In order to enforce it, I think it will be necessary for me to become dictator. Of the whole world.

The solution to the second problem involves plane crashes. It came to me in a flash. Have planes travel in tandem formation, eight or ten flying together, and all of them connected by lengths of strong cable. This is the same principle employed by people who climb mountains. They rope themselves together so that if one slips and falls, he will either be saved by reason of being hooked to the others, or he will carry all the others with him to their deaths. It is plain to see that if ten transoceanic jets are hooked together by cable, one behind the other, if one or two in the group lose their power or even their wings, they can be hauled along safely by the others. Unless, of course, it should be the lead plane. If *that* one went into a dive, I have a feeling there might be a bit of trouble. Okay. Settle that problem by having a *good* plane out front.

Next time I may spend a half-hour or so thinking about women's fashions and war. —H. Allen Smith.

• • •

BETTER HALF

At economics textbooks,
Penelope demurs.
Those lurid, oversexed books,
Or movies, she prefers.

And yet, in competition
With Messrs. Marx and Keynes,
Her fiscal intuition
Serves well in place of brains:

It gleans, as bee the honey
The central sweet of all—
That large amounts of money
Are preferable to small;

That by and large their source is
A man—whose name she bears.
Through weddings and divorces
She gets her rightful shares,

For property communal
Applies in either case—
A principle which soon all
Penelopes embrace.

Thus, what the pundits came to,
By instinct woman learns:
Her spouse has legal claim to
One half of all
he
earns.
—Fred Saidy.

The Transportation Explosion

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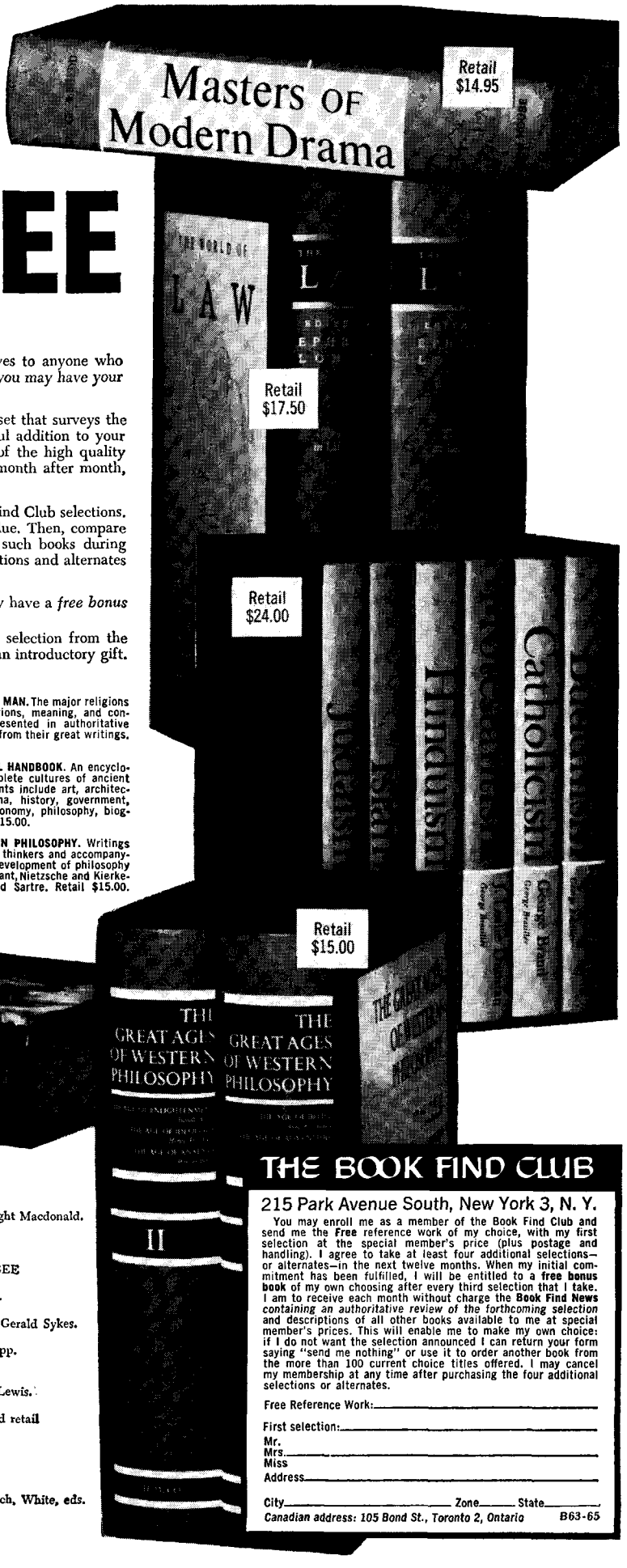

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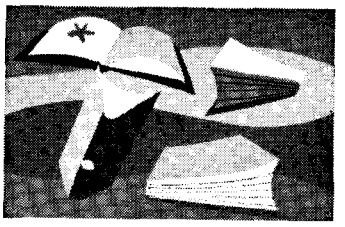


EVER SINCE WE'VE BEEN writing this column, we've been amazed at the sleepless nights some of the word games and twisters we've reported have given otherwise healthy readers. Even months—and sometimes years—after we've mentioned some particularly maddening puzzler, people continue to write us with their own variations. So we

thought it might be interesting to take a backward look at some of these games, and at a few of the newer versions that have come our way since they first appeared in these pages.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, for example, we commented on a game to work on while shaving or driving, which, for want of a better title, we called "Unlikely Book Reviews." Within days we were swamped with suggestions like these: *The Surgeon's Manual* ("had me in stitches"), *The Story of Cotton* ("highly absorbing"), *Dun & Bradstreet Reports* ("The author deserves a lot of credit"), *Burpee's Seed Catalogue* ("grows on you"), and *Handbook of Adhesives* ("couldn't put it down").

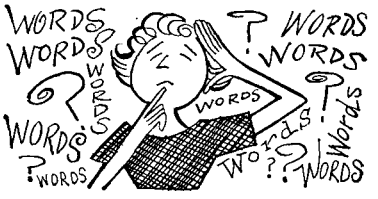
Among the recent entries in this category are *Hammond's Pictorial Atlas* ("very worldly"), *Tiffany's Jewelry Catalogue* ("has a hollow ring"), *Bulletin of the U.S. Revenue Service* ("taxing"), and *How to Become an Astronaut* ("too roundabout").

TWISTERS, IT SEEMS, have a way of haunting people, and there's no way short of a written confession to get them off one's chest. Another book review game popped up some time ago, drawing such suggestions as "Have you read C. P. Snow?" and the reply: "No, I couldn't plow through him." Only recently, we received a new, updated contribution from reader David Leetch, who asked: "How do you feel about the authors of *Fail-Safe*?" The answer: "Great combination."

The idea of developing "Unlikely Cocktail Rooms" for various hotels was another demented game that inspired considerable response. Such creations as the Cloak Room at the Raleigh, the Steam Room at the Fulton, the Cracker Room at the Ritz, the Which One? Room at the Roosevelt, and the Bottoms Up Room at the Breakers were among the admirable fruits of this planting. Later, hotels figured in another game, which created such fictional structures as the Tiltin' Hilton in Pisa, the Comrade Hilton in Moscow, the Jiltin' Hilton in Reno, and the Wiltin' Hilton in the Sahara.

BUT THESE GAMES were only a few of many. A renewal of the old game of "Inversions" brought a great many new creatures to life through TRADE WINDS readers. Among these oddities were the boy-footed bear, the cat who took mannaps, the grapes who said "sour foxes," and the clam that manned up.

Even people themselves can be twisted about. One popular game that caught the fancy of a good many readers had its genesis at a fictional literary cocktail party when a hostess had to introduce at one time Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Robert Anderson,



Maxwell Anderson, Matthew Arnold, Arnold Bennett, C. S. Forester, E. M. Forster, C. S. Lewis, Lewis Mumford, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Lewis Taylor, and Robert Lewis Shayon. Agonized letters poured in from many readers for a long time, haunted with other combinations such as Tennessee Ernie Ford and Tennessee Williams, Rockwell Kent and Norman Rockwell.

GEOGRAPHY CAME TO THE FRONT to cause considerable and painful brain-racking when Kate Steichen offered a game some time ago that consisted of creating unlikely towns to go with various states, such as Noah's, Ark.; Ex, Conn.; Near, Miss.; and Ballpoint, Penn. This brought about such suggestions as Gravely, Ill.; Requiem, Mass.; and Nohitsnorunsno, Ariz.

On the heels of this game, a flood of onomatopoeic associations filled the

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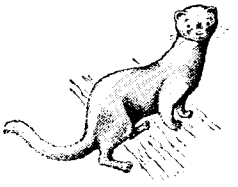

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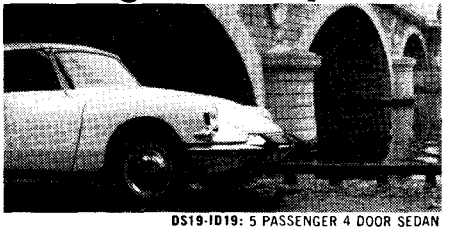
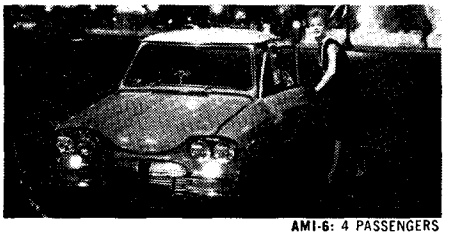
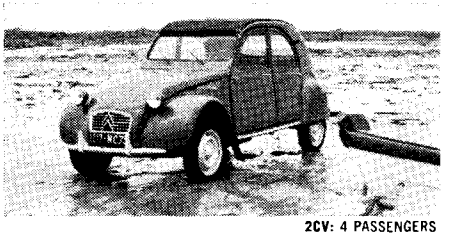


DS19-ID19: 5 PASSENGER 4 DOOR SEDAN

STATION WAGON: 7-10 PASSENGERS



AMI-6: 4 PASSENGERS



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vault with sound-meaning associations. Words beginning with *sn*, for instance, were found to be often connected with the nose, such as sneeze, sniff, snore, sniffle, snort, and so forth. Others pointed out that *sh* seemed to be the cue for motion, such as shimmy, shake, shrug ,and shudder. Still others felt that the letter "l" was curiously involved in a whole family of associated words, such as lewd, licentious, lascivious, lecherous, libertine, lustful, and libidinous.

MOST RECENTLY, the application of classic quotations to fictional industrial operations has caught the fancy of a tremendous number of readers. Example: Dreamy Massage Oil ("Ay, there's the rub. . ."), to say nothing of the Tom Swifties we reported on a few weeks ago.

Among the flood of responses evoked by the latter game is a full conversation piece from Bea Shaw, of North Hollywood:

"What are you up to?" she demanded loftily.

"Just staring out the window," he replied painfully.

"So what's the problem?" she asked testily.

"I belong on the top," he said, spinning. "I'm brilliant," he glared.

"Then why the beef?" she asked, cowed.

"I'm broke," he snapped.

"You have your job at the drugstore," she countered.

"That's incidental," he said through clenched teeth.

"Look how long it took Sinatra," she said frankly.

"I'll have my name in lights," he glowed.

"Just like Cary," she granted.

In her letter, Miss Shaw writes: "I started to end this with: 'Just like Rock, she granite'—but then we'd have to start a whole new game, wouldn't we? I wish I'd never heard of this!"

That's the trouble with these twisters. Once you're hooked, you're done for. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1521)

W. FOWLER:
(THE) YOUNG MAN FROM DENVER

Robert Hillyer wrote: "Gene was a hundred different guises, and all of them kind. There was a courtesy in Gene so much a part of his being that it was in his voice, his every glance. It was the essence of a deep understanding or a desire to understand."

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FORGET FAD AND CRASH DIETS...

Weight controllers increase their chances for success by adopting the lifetime "balance plan"

OVERWEIGHT AMERICANS spend millions of dollars each year for pills and potions, machines and gadgets, and special "dietary foods" which are promoted as "an easy way to lose weight." About all that most of these people lose is their money, for these heavily advertised "easy ways" to weight reduction seldom work. The person who consumes more food than his body needs for energy adds pounds. The way to shed excess pounds is to burn more calories than one consumes.

Weight control should be a lifetime goal, not something to be achieved over a matter of a few weeks or months. The overweight person must face the facts. To get his or her weight down to the desirable level and to keep it there takes a great deal of will power, almost unlimited support from family and friends, and adoption of what we call the "balance—or moderation—plan."

The plan itself is simple, but it may not be an easy one for every weight controller to put into personal practice.

THIS IS THE PLAN

Let's assume that the person really desires to attain and to maintain the desirable weight for his height and body build and follows the sensible plan of regular medical check-ups by a competent physician who can determine if weight loss is desirable and if exercise is permissible. Certainly one of the first steps for the weight controller is to adopt a planned physical exercise program. This is especially important for the sedentary office worker. The human body needs regular exercise. We function more effectively if we use our muscles and keep them in tone.

Although there are many ways to exercise, walking is one of the best. Walking five miles each day not only helps the body achieve better tone but also uses about 300 calories. If present food intake has been maintaining the body weight for some time, adding five miles of walking to the daily routine could lead to a 15 pound weight loss over a period of six months. It would provide the double benefit of weight reduction and that better over-all feeling that comes from regular exercise.

BALANCE THE DIET

For weight reduction or for weight control and maintenance, a well balanced diet is a key element in the "balance plan." What a person eats should be balanced in both quantity and quality. Weight controllers must know their calories and cannot overlook the calories consumed between meals and at cocktail time. To *maintain* weight, the intake of calories must balance with the energy expended. To *lose* weight, the intake of calories must be lower than the energy expenditure so that the body uses its own fat stores for fuel. For most people, a combination of increased exercise and lower food intake is probably the sensible approach to weight reduction.

To provide a diet balanced qualitatively doesn't require using a slide rule. Foods must furnish necessary nutrients —protein, minerals, vitamins, etc., or the diet may be dangerously unbalanced. Foods should be selected from the four basic food groups which are classified largely on the basis of the nutrients they supply.

SELECT FROM THESE FOOD GROUPS

MILK AND OTHER DAIRY FOODS: Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or the equivalent in such dairy products as cheese and ice cream) per day provide an adult man approximately 25% of the protein he needs (high quality protein, too); 71% of his calcium (adults do need calcium to keep bones well supplied even after growth stops, as well as for other vital purposes); 15% of the vitamin A; 46% of the riboflavin; 10-12% of the thiamine; 10-13% of the calories. For an adult woman, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 31% of the protein she needs; 71% of the calcium; 15% of the vitamin A; 56% of the riboflavin; 13-16% of the thiamine; and 14-18% of the calories. Milk is an excellent food for weight controllers and weight reducers because it provides large percentages of necessary food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. To obtain these essential nutrients in other foods could cost much more in calories consumed.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the leaner cuts of meat to reduce total calories.

VEGETABLES-FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, assure adequate supplies of these important vitamins.

BREADS-CEREALS: Four or more servings per day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories).

Making one's food selections from these four basic food groups, while at the same time being very conscientious about balancing calorie intake against calorie expenditure, is the pattern for lifetime eating habits that all of us should try to develop. Balancing a diet, in quantity and quality, plus a daily exercise program are two good ways to control weight and to enjoy life more.

For a free copy of THE TIME OF OUR LIVES, a booklet which suggests a family physical fitness program, write to the American Dairy Association, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

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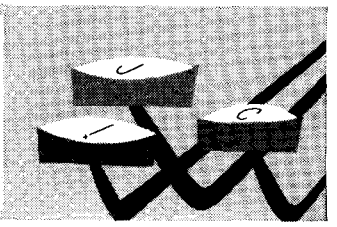
Manner of Speaking



TEACH THEM TONGUES (IF YOU CAN): An *SR* reader, who asks to remain anonymous for fear of identifying and perhaps embarrassing young innocence, writes that she teaches religious education to teen-age girls of her parish and recently found that her girls seemed badly confused by "chastity" and "celibacy." Accordingly, she lectured them at some length on the mint-markings of the two words and on the differences between them, and made the point of checking back later as part of a written quiz. She has sent me some of the answers uttered by those mints of young virtue and I pass them on herewith as some sort of coinage, undoubtedly genuine but of intellectual lands unknown:

> Celibacy is mostly for the single state person. If you are married or in the religious you cannot use this at all. Chastity can be used by both kinds of people, but makes priests and nuns the best.
>
> Chastity is the belief that you should refrain from sex outside your own family, but among the family it is all right.
>
> The difference is that in the single state you have the responsibility of staying chaste, while married celibacy means that you cannot go around with other men. This is for women of course. Men must have this responsibility in married celibacy.
>
> Chastity is pride and negligence; I am not sure what celibacy is, but I don't think it's very good, either.

KIDS: A second correspondent, a lady I shall myself leave anonymous among the literal-minded of this world, writes to rebuke me for having referred to children as "kids." The lady even went so far as to copy out what she took to be the entire dictionary definition, though—and significantly—she left out the dictionary's parenthetical matter on the roots of the word (which, in the case of "kid," to be sure, is inconclusive, but which I mean to die insisting is essential to any dictionary's discussion of any word). She then asked, with firmly footnoted disapproval:

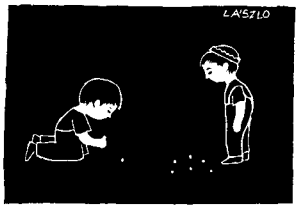
> Where does "children" come into this definition? I am not the only one who shares this opinion. See *Elementary English—A Magazine of the Language Arts,* October 1962, page 608.

And she concluded in what I take to be at least low dudgeon:

> Please use the correct word "children," not "kids." I am a teacher of children, not of goats.

Dear teacher of (if you insist) children, I have chosen not to see *Elementary English*, page 608. I do not know where children come into it, or into your dictionary definition. But "kids" comes into my usage as a heart's metaphor. In another mood I might have called them chicks, cubs, fledglings, fry, piglets, puppies—you summon it from the young of the animal kingdom and my mood will find the occasion on which to use it as that moment's metaphor. "Kids," I shall insist, is never used for "children" except as a metaphor. Because the metaphor is so right, it has passed into such frequent usage that the literal-minded see only the frequency of its usage and forget its rightness. Yet it remains the best all-purpose metaphor in this particular family of metaphors. There are moments when those things you teach resemble every variant of the young of the animal kingdom, but for a metaphoric summary that fairly represents the energy content, the noise level, the quality of motion, the attention span, the usually uncurried attractiveness, and the recurring smelliness of most of the human young most of the time, my heart will still cry "kids" against all your half-read dictionaries, into the teeth of *Elementary English—A Magazine of the Language Arts,* and —though their cohorts range far as the eye can see into the horizons of the school system—against every persuasion of all its subscribers.

APHORISMS (AND SUGGESTED PROPOSITIONS): Children are leaky receptacles into which the world pours. Adults are locked doors against which the world beats. Given your choice, be a child.



Habit is blindness.

A child is an act of faith about which one grows increasingly uncertain.

Posterity is a 6 A.M. noise from the children's room. What am I doing interrupting my sleep to dabble in futures?

Endure a change of imagination.

On Mother's Day think what gave birth to Caligula.

No dogs, no cats. In this house we beget our livestock.

The unimaginative are those who find it easier to get into Heaven than into Hell.

AND BACK TO PROVERBS: Ours is not, relatively speaking, a proverbial age, but every society, to some extent, gives off from itself metaphors and self-observations that will serve as general rules of conduct or as the word patterns of a revelation. One of the best of the twentieth-century proverbs—impossible to have come by before our own time yet meaningful, now, to all time—has been around for some years now and says simply: "A camel is a greyhound designed by a committee."

I am indebted to Richard Ellmann for another he told me years ago and that I have never again run into, perhaps because its meaning is not clear without a particular voice emphasis I shall try to indicate by italics: "The stomach *seeks* its ulcer."

A dark and darkly pertinent thought, and one that reminds me I am also indebted to Richard Ellmann for the darkest proverb I know, a sort of elixir of the bitterness of poverty. As I recall, it is taken from the Arabian, and though the righteous may think it blasphemous, I submit that it speaks more from suffering endured than to blasphemy intended. It reads: "If you see a blind man, kick him—why should you be kinder than God?"

Curiously, I think I find a distant cousin (on the other side) of this thought in Dante. In the Twentieth Canto of "The Inferno" Dante looks upon the grossly distorted souls of the Fortune Tellers and Diviners and bursts into tears at the sight of such suffering, only to be scolded by Virgil, who declares:

> There is no place for pity here. Who is more arrogant within his soul, who is more impious than one who dares to sorrow at God's judgment?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review

June 8, 1963

By Joseph Wood Krutch

WILDERNESS AS A TONIC

Better bird-watching may not be the best hope of mankind, but a knowledge of nature can be a valuable antidote for the ills that afflict twentieth-century man.

A FEW MONTHS ago the Sierra Club of California published a magnificent book of seventy-two large color photographs by Eliot Porter. Though I wrote a brief introduction for it, this is not a plug. As a matter of fact, my subject did not begin to worry me until the introduction was in type and I learned for the first time what the title of the book was to be: *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World.*

"Oh, dear," I said to myself, "that's a foolish title." Nature-lover though I am, this was going too far. "Wildness," I said, "is a tonic and a refreshment. I think we are losing something as it disappears from our environment. But to call it 'the preservation of the world' is pretty far-fetched. True, I doubt that we can be saved by increased production or by trips to the moon. In fact, I sometimes doubt that we can be saved at all. But wildness! Now really!"

Another shock came when I learned that the phrase is a quotation from Henry David Thoreau. Henry, I know, confessed his love of exaggeration and once said his only fear was the fear he might not be extravagant enough. But he rarely said anything really foolish. I thought I had better look up the context. And not to keep the reader in suspense (if I may flatter myself that I have generated any), I must confess that I have come to the conclusion that what Henry said is neither foolish nor exaggerated. It is a truth almost as obvious as "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

Here is the context: "The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild, and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the World. Every tree sends its fibers forth in search of the Wild. The cities import it at any price. Men plow and sail for it. From the forests and wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind."

What is this wildness Thoreau is talking about? It is not D. H. Lawrence's Dark Gods and neither is it the mindless anarchy of some current anti-intellectuals. Those are destructive forces. Thoreau's wildness is, on the other hand, something more nearly akin to Bernard Shaw's Life Force—it is that something prehuman that generated humanity. From it came a magnificent complex of living things long, long before we were here to be aware of them, and still longer before we, in our arrogance, began to boast that we were now ready to take over completely; that henceforth we in our greater wisdom would plan and manage everything, even, as we sometimes say, direct the course of evolution itself.

YET if—as seems not unlikely—we should manage or mismanage to the point of self-destruction, wildness alone will survive to make a new world.

Like so much that Thoreau wrote, this appeal to wildness as the ultimate hope for survival is more relevant and comprehensible in the context of our world than it was in his. A few of his contemporaries—Melville and Hawthorne, for instance—may have already begun to question the success of the human enterprise and the inevitability of progress. But life as it is managed by man was becoming increasingly comfortable and seemingly secure. Men were often anxious (or, as Thoreau said, "desperate") concerning their individual lives. But few doubted that mankind *as a whole* was on the right track. Theirs was not yet an age of public, overall anxiety. That mankind might plan itself into suicide occurred to nobody. Yet, though few today put such hopes as they have managed to maintain in anything except the completer dependence upon human institutions and inventions, the possibility that we have too little faith in "wildness" is not quite so preposterous a suspicion as it seemed then.

In a world that sits not on a powder keg but on a hydrogen bomb, one begins to suspect that the technician who rules our world is not the master magician he thinks he is but only a sorcerer's apprentice who does not know how to turn off what he turned on—or even how to avoid blowing himself up.

Should that be what he at last succeeds in doing, it would be a relatively small disaster compared with the possibility that he might destroy at the same time all that "wildness" that generated him and might in time generate something better. Perhaps there is life (or shall we call it "wildness"?) on other planets, but I hope it will remain on ours, too. "Pile up your books, the records of sadness, your saws and your laws. Nature is glad outside, and her merry worms will ere long topple them down."

This wildness may often be red in tooth and claw. It may be shockingly careful of the type but careless of the single life. In this and in many other respects we are unwilling to submit to it. But somehow it did, in the end, create the very creatures who now criticize and reject it. And it is not so certain as it once seemed that we can successfully substitute entirely our competence for nature's. Nature is,

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after all, the great reservoir of energy, of confidence, of endless hope, and of that joy not wholly subdued by the pale cast of thought that seems to be disappearing from our human world. Rough and brutal though she sometimes seems in her far from simple plan, it did work, and it is not certain that our own plans will.

A very popular concept today is embodied in the magic word cybernetic—or self-regulating. "Feedback" is the secret of our most astonishing machines. But the famous balance of nature is the most extraordinary of all cybernetic systems. Left to itself, it is always self-regulated. The society we have created is not, on the other hand, cybernetic at all. The wisest and most benevolent of our plannings requires constant attention. We must pass this or that law or regulation, we must redress this balance of production and distribution, taking care that encouraging one thing does not discourage something else. The society we have created puts us in constant danger lest we ultimately find ourselves unable to direct the more and more complicated apparatus we have devised.

A really healthy society, so Thoreau once wrote, would be like a healthy body that functions perfectly without our being aware of it. We, on the other hand, are coming more and more to assume that the healthiest society is one in which all citizens devote so much of their time to arguing, weighing, investigating, voting, propagandizing, and signing protests in a constant effort to keep a valetudinarian body politic functioning in some sort of pseudo-health that they have none of that margin for mere living that Thoreau thought important. It's no wonder that such a situation generated beatniks by way of a reaction.

MANY will no doubt reply that Thoreau's ideal sounds too close to that of the classical economists who trusted the cybernetic free competition of Herbert Spencer *et al.* and that it just doesn't work. But is it certain that our own contrary system is working very well when it produces, on the one hand, a more or less successful welfare state and, on the other, an international situation that threatens not only welfare but human existence itself?

Should the human being turn out to be the failure some began a generation or more ago to call him, then all is not necessarily lost. Unless life itself is extinguished, nature may begin where she began so long ago and struggle upward again. When we dream of a possible superman we almost invariably think of him as a direct descendant of ourselves. But he might be the flower and the fruit of some branch of the tree of life now represented only by one of the "lower" (and not necessarily anthropoid) animals.

When I recommend that we have a little more faith in the ultimate wisdom of nature I am not suggesting that national parks, camping trips, and better bird-watching are the best hope of mankind. But I do believe them useful reminders that we did not make the world we live in and that its beauty and joy, as well as its enormous potentialities, do not depend entirely on us. "Communion with nature" is not merely an empty phrase. It is the best corrective for that *hubris* from which the race of men increasingly suffers. Gerard Manley Hopkins, unwavering Catholic Christian though he was, could write:

> What would the world be, once bereft
> Of wet and wildness? Let them be left,
> O let them be left, wildness and wet;
> Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

The modern intellectual feels very superior when he contemplates the cosmology unquestioningly accepted by his ancestors. Their view of the universe was always so quaintly homocentric. Everything must find its ultimate explanation in man's needs. There was only God's will on the one hand and the natural world that he created for man's convenience on the other. But we have only exchanged one kind of homocentric cosmology for another. For God's will we have, to be sure, substituted the mindless mechanism of Darwinian evolution and assumed that a mere accident put us in a position to take advantage of what chance created. But in at least one respect we have only arrived by a different route at the same conclusion as our benighted ancestors: Only we count. Only we have minds. Only we can escape from absurdity. Only we, lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps, can save ourselves.

Pure Darwinism insists that we were elevated to what we regard as our exalted state by sheer accident followed by ineluctable necessity and that if nature seems to have been wise that is sheer illusion. But perhaps there was some wisdom as well as blind necessity in her processes. Man needs a context for his life larger than himself; he needs it so desperately that all modern despairs go back to the fact that he has rejected the only context which the loss of his traditional gods has left accessible. If there is any "somehow good" it must reside in nature herself. Yet the first item of our creed is a rejection of just that possibility.

"Nature books" generally get kindly reviews even from those who regard them as no more than the eccentric outpourings of harmless hobbyists. For that reason it was a salutary shock to come across in the admirable but not sufficiently well known magazine *Landscape* an excoriation of the whole

"You know, you're very beautiful when you're angry."

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tribe of nature writers in a review by Professor Joseph Slate of a book to which I had contributed a chapter. Its author calls us for the most part mere triflers in the genteel tradition, too devoted to the gentler pages of Thoreau and Muir, too little aware of the Dark Gods.

He has, to put it mildly, a point. We do not dig deep enough. We slip too easily into a spinsterish concern with the pretty instead of the beautiful. We tend to get only just far enough away from the "cute" to think of the natural world as a primarily gentle consolation instead of a great force, and we are content to experience it only superficially. He is also quite right when he accuses us of quoting too seldom those passages of Thoreau which face, as we hesitate to face, things dark enough in one way if not exactly in the way that D. H. Lawrence celebrated.

Consider, for example, the passage from Walden that begins: "We can never have enough of nature." Stop there and you might conclude that he was about to embark upon just the kind of discourse Professor Slade finds so objectionable. But read on and you will come in the next sentence to wildness at its most wild: "We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the sea coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decayed trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander. . . . I love to see that nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! . . . Poison is not poisonous after all, nor are any wounds fatal."

THIS is not the world we made and it is not the world we hope for. Neither is it the one where Thoreau himself most often felt at home. But it is at least an all but inexhaustible potentiality. Powerful as our weapons are, vast as is the destruction we are capable of, there is something still more powerful than we. That something is in part the least amiable but also the oldest and most enduring aspect of what Thoreau called "wildness," and it may survive when we have destroyed the better order we tried to make. By managing nature we may to some extent discipline it. We may also, in the process of becoming human, shift somewhat the emphases in its complex of impulses and powers. But we cannot dispense with the wildness without becoming near-machines and therefore less rather than more than the animal we try to transcend. Call it mother nature if you prefer a softer, less adequate term, but Thoreau preferred to call it wildness because he realized that the spectacle of wild nature reminds us so vividly of the fact that, though civilization is destructible and perhaps dispensable, the thing we civilize is not. To remind ourselves of its existence is only one (but not the least important) of the rewards for those who "in the love of Nature hold communion with her visible forms."

"Damn it, Moresby! There are those of us who *didn't* make the ascent of Kinchinjunga just to belly-flop all the blasted way back down!"

Thoreau was not a pessimist. He had faith in man's potentialities, though little respect for the small extent to which man had realized them. He did not believe, as some do today, that man was a failure beyond redemption, he believed only that his contemporaries were failures because the true way had been lost a long time ago and primitive man (still a savage even if a noble one) had taken the wrong road toward what he mistakenly believed to be wisdom and happiness. Thoreau's return to nature was a return to the fatal fork, to a road not taken, along which he hoped that he and others after him might proceed to a better future.

Please note that he called "wildness" merely the "preservation" of the world, not its "redemption" or "salvation." It may well be that its redemption may depend upon aspects of nature almost exclusively human. But man of the present day is more and more inclined to feel that mere survival or preservation is all he can hope for in the immediate future. If he is indeed granted a second chance to discover a genuinely good life, it may require him to go far back to that point where the road not taken branched off from the dubious road we have been following for so long and which we more and more stubbornly insist is the only right one because it takes us further and further away from the nature out of which we arose.

How far back would we have to go to find that road not taken? Could we, even supposing that we wanted to find it, reverse the direction in which our civilization is moving; or are the Marxians right and man is not a free agent but inevitably the captive of evolving technology that carries him along with it willy-nilly.

Thoreau thought he had an answer: "Simplify!" We get what we want and if things are in the saddle it is because we have put them there. And I have no doubt that he would say, "If you have hydrogen bombs that you are beginning to suspect you don't really want it is because you have for too long believed that power was the greatest of goods and did not realize soon enough that it would become, as it now has, a nemesis."

Perhaps he was right and perhaps if we don't have a change of heart, if we don't voluntarily simplify, we and our civilization will be simplified for us in a grand catastrophe. That would take us a good deal further back than is necessary to find the road not taken.

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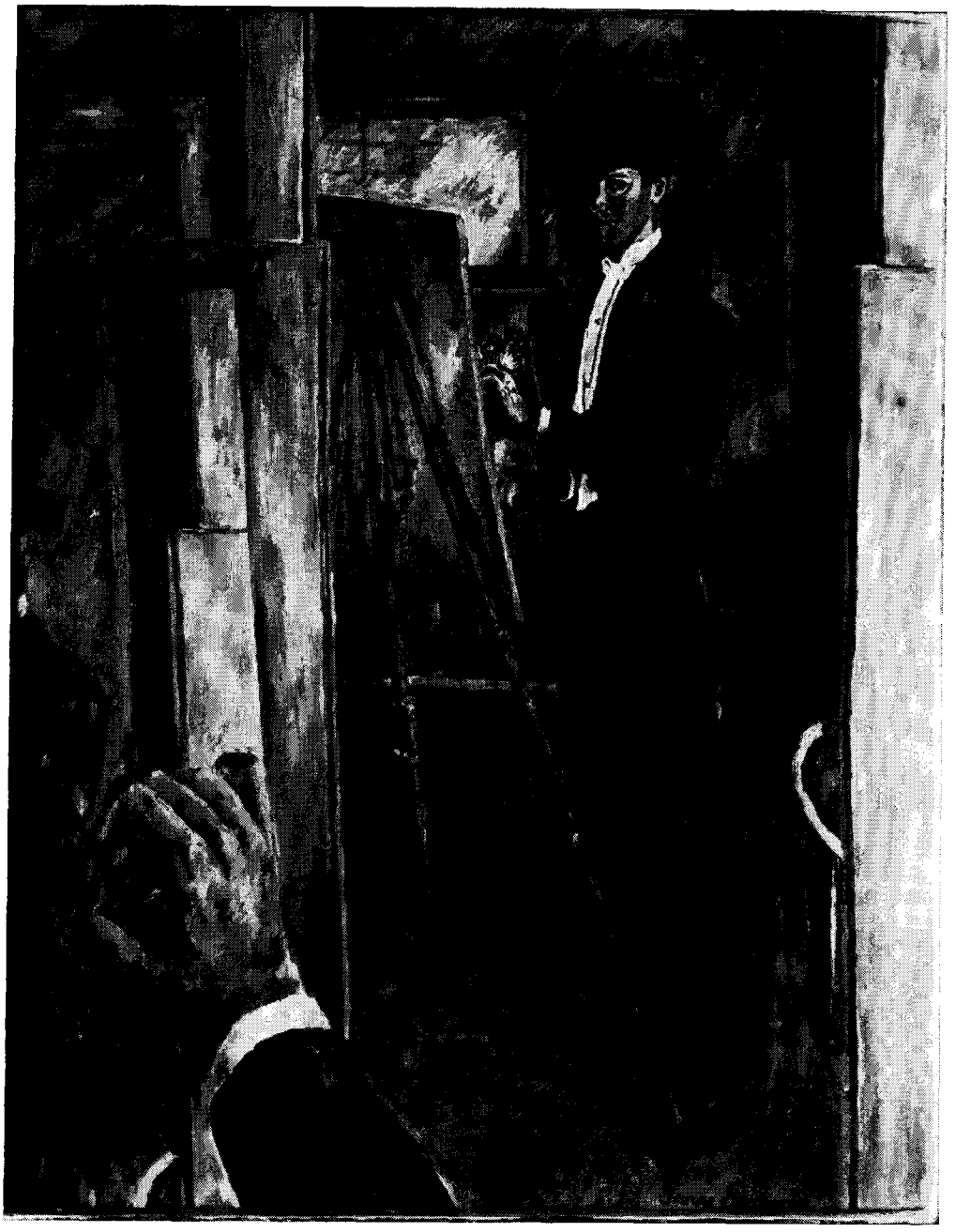
SELF-PORTRAIT BY GEORGE GERSHWIN

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANVAS



"Self-Portrait in an Opera Hat," 1932

A Family Album

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S *Lady Be Good, Porgy and Bess,* and the lyric, symphonic jazz of *Rhapsody in Blue*: these are the man and the artist for most of us. The Pulitzer Prize-winning American composer, who died at the age of thirty-eight, was and is—above all—his music.

But the bright boy from Brooklyn loved and worked in another art form, the visual art of line and color. In the last eight years of his life he produced more than 100 paintings and drawings. And six months before his death in 1937 he offered thirty-nine of these works to public view in a one-man show at the Marie Harriman Gallery in New York.

Now, twenty-six years later, his paintings and drawings are once again being shown in Manhattan. The occasion: the sixty-fifth anniversary of Gershwin's birth. The place: Philharmonic Hall at Broadway and 65th Street in the West Concourse. Date and time: May 29 to June 23, Wednesday through Sunday (concert nights), from 6 to 11:30 P.M.

Fifty-five of Gershwin's works are on exhibit, some of them from the 1937 show, others that have never before been shown publicly. Among the subjects of Gershwin's art are composers Jerome Kern, Arnold Schoenberg, and Charles Martin Loeffler; novelist Kay Swift; painter Diego Rivera; psychiatrist Gregory Zilboorg; and Henry Botkin, Gershwin's cousin, who taught the composer to paint and draw. Also included are portraits of Gershwin's family: his mother, Rose, his father, Morris, and himself.

"What a great advantage painting has over composing," Gershwin told Botkin. "When I finish a canvas it's there. That's the end. But a composition—after writing it, I have to assemble sixty musicians and make arrangements of the music before I can hear the results of my efforts."

"I am keen for dissonance; the obvious bores me," Gershwin said. "The new music and the new art are similar in rhythm, they share a sombre power and refinement."

"He was a good student," Botkin wrote in 1938. "He strove constantly to master the same bold combination of accessories that he possessed as a composer. . . . He tried for the precise contour that defined the form and constantly concerned himself with composition and color. . . . His work was

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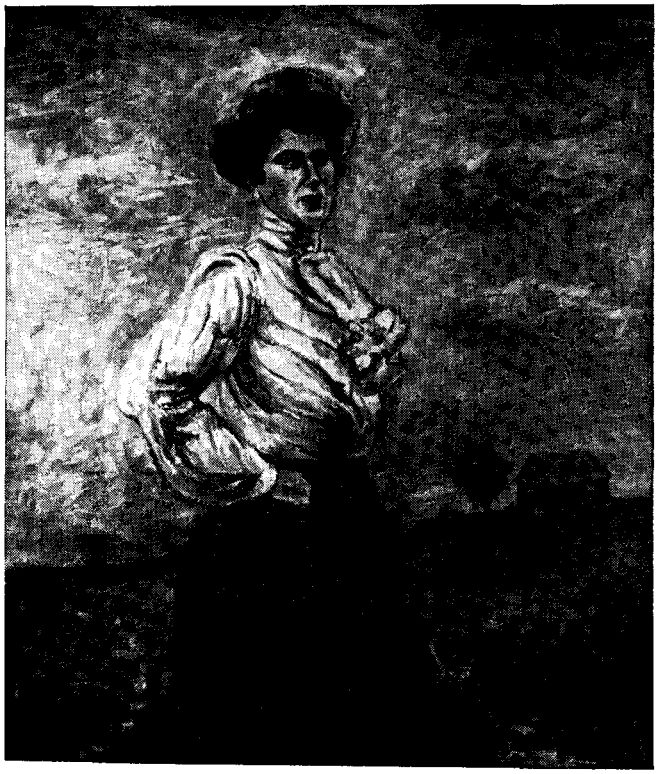


"Mother," 1933

"Father," 1933

"My Grandfather," 1933

never self-consciously modern, and he always avoided distracting mannerisms and surface cleverness."

Gershwin also collected art. Among the ninety canvases he owned were Picasso's *Absinthe Drinker*, a self-portrait by Gauguin and paintings by Modigliani, Chagall, and Rouault, for whom he had a special admiration.

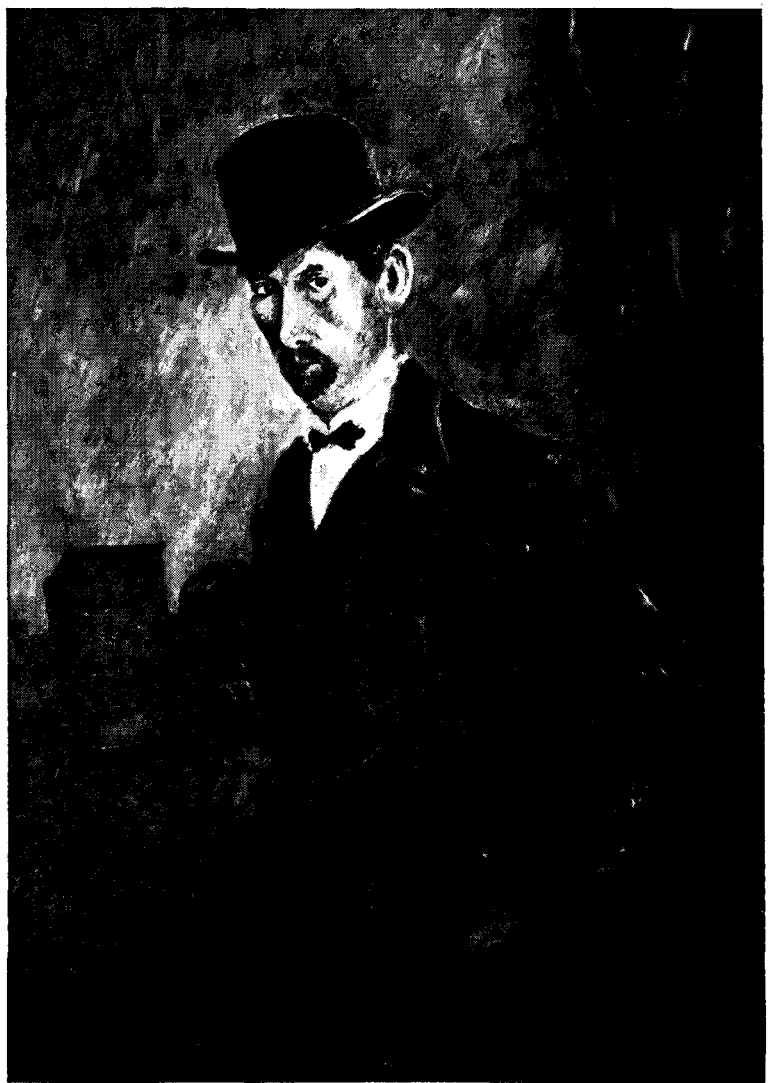
The Gershwin art exhibit is being presented in conjunction with the New York Philharmonic's summer concert series "The Promenades," which will be conducted by Andre Kostelanetz, André Previn, and Morton Gould.

The premiere New York performances of Gershwin's *Promenade* and *Catfish Row Suite* were presented on May 29 and 30, with Kostelanetz conducting. All-Gershwin evenings were scheduled for June 5, 6, and 9, again under the baton of Kostelanetz. André Previn will close his "Salute to France" concerts on June 15 and 16 with *An American in Paris*.

In their biography of the brothers Gershwin – Ira and George – Edward Jablonski and Lawrence Stewart report that New York and California film studios halted work for "a moment of mourning silence" during George Gershwin's funeral.

"It was their final honor," the authors wrote, "to this man who filled our world with sound and song."

That George Gershwin also helped fill our world with form and color the exhibit at Philharmonic Hall leaves little doubt. —Wilson Sullivan.



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Why Johnny Can't Write

ONE of the first questions in the final examination of a California high school English class asked the student to write a 500-word essay describing a character in a play by Shakespeare. Another question asked him to reconstruct a vivid conversation from a recent novel he had read. There were at least four other questions involving skill in English composition. All this was to be done in two hours.

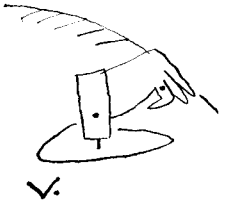
An examination in a Midwest college asked the student to write a short essay on the subject: "The status symbols today are those other than money can buy." The paper was to be completed in an hour.

These tests reveal little except the unfortunate role of schools in fostering and sanctioning bad writing habits. If Johnny can't write, one of the reasons may be a conditioning based on speed rather than respect for the creative process. Speed is neither a valid test of nor a proper preparation for competence in writing. It makes for murkiness, glibness, disorganization. It takes the beauty out of the language. It rules out respect for the reflective thought that should precede expression. It runs counter to the word-by-word and line-by-line reworking that enables a piece to be finely knit.

This is not to minimize the value of genuine facility. With years of practice, a man may be able to put down words swiftly and expertly. But it is the same kind of swiftness that enables a cellist, after having invested years of effort, to negotiate an intricate passage from Haydn. Speed writing is for stenographers and court reporters, not for anyone who wants to use language with precision and distinction.

Thomas Mann was not ashamed to admit that he would often take a full day to write 500 words, and another day to edit them, out of respect for the most difficult art in the world. Flaubert would ponder a paragraph for hours. Did it say what he wanted it to say—not approximately but exactly? Did the words turn into one another with proper rhythm and grace? Were they artistically and securely fitted together? Were they briskly alive, or were they full of fuzz and ragged edges? Were they likely to make things happen inside the mind of the reader, igniting the imagination and touching off all sorts of new anticipations? These questions are relevant not only for the established novelist but for anyone who attaches value to words as a medium of expression and communication.

E. B. White, whose respect for the environment of good writing is exceeded by no word-artist of our time, would rather have his fingers cut off than to be guilty of handling words lightly. No sculptor chipping away at a granite block in order to produce a delicate curve or feature has labored more painstakingly than White in fashioning a short paragraph. Obviously, we can't expect our schools to make every Johnny into a White or a Flaubert or a Mann, but it is not unreasonable to expect more of them to provide the conditions that promote clear, careful, competent expression. Certainly the cumulative effort of the school experience should not have to be undone in later years.



Speed is not the only demon. Neatness is often valued above style. A composition paper full of corrections and crossed-out lines may be far more valuable to the teacher in appraising a student's awareness of the preciousness of the right word or phrase than an immaculately typed essay. Writing is one subject in which the student ought to be encouraged to ramble around and even be messy, if need be, in search of his answers. Nor is there anything particularly heinous about the use of a dictionary during an English examination or even a test in spelling. Not everyone can spell, even with the most conscientious study; but everyone can develop the habit of using a good dictionary effectively and consistently.

It would be a mistake to blame it all on the English teacher. Poor writing habits are developed in a wide range of courses. Homework assignments aren't always integrated. It is not unusual for a child to be given three overnight writing assignments, any one of which requires several full days' work to be done properly. Moreover, the teacher doesn't always have complete authority in the preparation of examinations, especially those of a year-end or state-wide nature. The root of the problem is that not much thought has been given to the requirements of good writing. The concept of expression as an intricate and highly demanding art has never fully been accepted.

The area in which a poor education shows up first is in self-expression, oral or written. It makes little difference how many university courses or degrees a man may own. If he cannot use words to move an idea from one point to another, his education is incomplete. Taking in a fact is only part of the educational process. The ability to pass it along with reasonable clarity and even distinction is another. The business of assembling the right words, putting them down in proper sequence, enabling each one to pull its full weight in the conveyance of meaning—these are the essentials. A school is where these essentials should feel at home.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VAN WYCK BROOKS

MALCOLM COWLEY'S distinguished article on Van Wyck Brooks and his career [*SR*, May 25] was without question the most perceptive evaluation of this man of letters to appear in any publication I have seen. In relatively few words, Mr. Cowley showed clearly why Brooks, in his quiet, scholarly way, had such an enormous influence on American writing. And his postscript, written after Mr. Brooks's funeral, is a masterpiece.

H. T. MORTON.

Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL AND FAMILY

I HAVE JUST finished reading Harold Taylor's "What the Family Isn't Teaching" [*SR*, May 18] and his criticism is welcome. As a member of "the younger generation," however, I would like to add one idea of my own.

I think Mr. Taylor generalizes too much. In my family, and in my school, the existing values of popularity and material reward are indeed questioned, and the moral and intellectual inquiries which Mr. Taylor calls the marks of "true scholarship and true citizenship" are stressed. Although many schools and families lack these qualities, many possess them.

All families and all schools have not lost their moral authority, but the article does not mention this. I thought I would.

TERENCE WINCH
Student Body President,
Bishop Dubois High School.

New York, N.Y.

HAROLD TAYLOR'S article should be read in every family and school in the nation. It would be an impressive antidote for the problems he so perceptively discusses.

R. P. FULLER.

Albuquerque, N.M.

BOMBS AND BOOKS

IT WAS INTERESTING that the "The Orbital Bomb" and "The Power of a Child's Book" should appear in the same issue [*SR*, May 11]. In reading them, I wondered if those who sent letters in the hope of saving the little red lighthouse, loved by the children, would follow the advice of *SR*'s editor and write to their President in the hope of saving the lives of the children themselves.

RUTH CHERRY.

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

PUNMANSHIP

JOHN G. FULLER'S May 18 TRADE WINDS column got us started on Tom Swifties, and before we ran down, we had come up with the following:

"We'd like rooms on the nineteenth floor," they said sweetly.

"I've lost my wig," she said in distress.

"It's so dark in here," she said delightedly.

"Juliet!" "Romeo!"

"Our countries have just broken off diplomatic relations," he said disconsolately.

"Who drank all the gin?" she said dispiritedly.

"I'll have to send that telegram again," he said remorsefully.

Many thanks for a fresh approach on puns, to which we are already partial.

DANIEL DRIVER.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"For more puns, turn to page 8," Mr. Fuller says flippantly.*

THE PERILS OF TRANSLATION

IF THE MOTIVE of the Jewish Publication Society translators of the Torah was "to turn out a denominationally acceptable translation," as Cyrus H. Gordon argues at such length in his review [*SR*, May 11], they failed sadly. Their version has been repeatedly denounced by orthodoxy for ignoring, or being ignorant of, traditional Jewish interpretation of the Bible. When the same work is now too sectarian, now not sectarian enough (but by neither side reproached for inconsistency!), the suspicion arises that these judgments reflect more on the judges than on the judged.

No informed reader of the new version can fail to recognize the scholarly independence exercised by the translators throughout. Nothing in the editorial preface warrants Professor Gordon's saying, "the Publication Society makes it clear that this version is Jewish," *i.e.*, committed to a denominational position. The "Spirit of God," which he alleges has been banished from Genesis 1.2 for sectarian motives, turns up in the new version in the theologically significant Numbers 24.2. This suggests that honest scholarly, rather than theological, considerations were behind the change—altogether likely in view of the ages-long debate about the plain sense of Genesis 1.2.

It is too bad that Professor Gordon chose to impugn motives rather than to justify his own acknowledgement that "this translation will provide the reader with a new and worthwhile literary experience." From his review *SR* readers can hardly guess why.

MOSHE GREENBERG,
Professor of Biblical Studies,
University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PAST PERFECT

THE ADMIRERS of Mary Renault and *The Last of the Wine* will try to smile at Robert Payne's omission of her name and brilliant historical novel in his review of Rex Warner's *Pericles the Athenian* [*SR*, May 11].

Mr. Payne made the observation that there has never been a novel about ancient Greece to compare with several about ancient Rome. I doubt whether there has ever been a historical novel of any age that has enjoyed the vast influence and admiration of Miss Renault's brilliant, profound, and poetic *The Last of the Wine*. If ever an author were given the "knowledge, skill, dramatic sense, imagination, and the prodigious leap into the past and the capacity to remain there," as Mr. Payne rightfully tells us are the requisites for a historical work of fiction, then surely that writer is Miss Renault in her remarkable novel. . . . It is most difficult to understand Mr. Payne's omission.

JOHN J. WATERS.

New York, N.Y.

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Winner Thomas Maynard Whitehead.

THE AMY LOVEMAN AWARD 1963

By HALLOWELL BOWSER

THE bookshelves in Thomas Whitehead's room at Bucknell University are packed tight with what looks at first glance like a random assortment of interesting volumes. Then it dawns on the visitor that Mr. Whitehead's library is in fact a brilliantly orchestrated collection, grouped about an arresting theme.

The theme is "Ancient and Primitive Man," and the Bucknell senior's lively account of his volumes on the subject has just won for him the second annual Amy Loveman National Award of $1,000. The award, sponsored by the Women's National Book Association, the Book-of-the-Month Club, and *Saturday Review*, is presented yearly to a college senior who has collected an outstanding personal library.

This year's award judges* were especially impressed by Mr. Whitehead's imaginative, commonsensical approach to collecting. "The impetus for collecting books of my own," he notes in his contest essay, "came not from (as we might expect today) the growing volume of paperbacks, but from the influence of the used book stores. . . . Good hardbound books with strong backs and good quality paper that have lasted for over a century have great impact. . . . Astonishing to me was the fact that the cost of these was less than that of the newer paperback volumes."

Probably his greenest memory as a collector is the day a secondhand dealer sold him Macaulay's *History of England* (five volumes), Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* (three volumes), and Plutarch's *Lives* (three volumes), at a cost of five cents a volume.

Mr. Whitehead comes from Jamestown, New York, where his mother teaches in a junior high school and his father is mayor. While growing up in Jamestown, young Whitehead browsed among the secondhand bookshops with no great aim in mind. Then, "Three years ago . . . I started to concentrate in the areas of archeology, anthropology, ancient history, and mythology; or, in other words, on ancient and primitive man."

Today his special collection numbers about 200 books.** His general library, however, contains 2,000 volumes, and would run to more if he did not keep it firmly in hand. "The discipline of collecting," he says in his essay, "is rugged selection, which is really one of the hardest things to do. The collector must be able to abstain from buying outside his field no matter how compelling the find is."

Thomas Maynard Whitehead will receive his Amy Loveman Award early in June, during commencement exercises on Bucknell's campus, in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Later in June, he will be married in Jamestown to his childhood sweetheart, and in the fall the couple will move to Rochester, New York, where Mr. Whitehead has found employment as a trainee in the public library system. If all goes well, the autumn evenings should find him again browsing among the secondhand bookshops, looking for the "Ten Books I Would Like to Add to My Library," as listed in his Loveman Award entry:

> *A History of the Sudan to* 1821, by A. J. Arkell; *A History of Egypt*, by James H. Breasted; *Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection*, by E. A. Wallis Budge; *The Beginnings of Chinese Civilization*, by Li Chi; *The Palace of Minos at Knossos*, by Sir Arthur Evans; *Myth and Ritual in the Ancient Near East*, by E. O. James; *Ancient Records of Assyria and Babylonia*, by D. D. Luckenbill; *Crete and Mycenae*, by Spyridon Marinatos; *Royal Tombs of the First Dynasty*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, and *China Before the Han Dynasty*, by William Watson.

"These ten selections," his award essay notes, "represent particular choices which I have been interested in acquiring this year. . . . The works by Breasted, Evans, and Petrie are original editions by the leading personalities in my field of concentration. . . . Li Chi was the leading Chinese scholar on prehistory until forced from the mainland by the Chinese Communists. . . . *Crete and Mycenae* is, I think, the best work on the arts, architecture, and archeology of these sites published in many years. . . . The book itself is a work of art and deserves a place in any good collection."

Enterprising Rochester book sellers please note: Mr. Whitehead is knowledgeable, determined, and has $1000 of award money in his pocket.

*J. Terry Bender, librarian of the Grolier Club; Basil Davenport, Book-of-the-Month Club judge; Ben Grauer, NBC commentator and noted book collector; Harry Hart, a Columbia University librarian; Eleanor Smith, of the Brooklyn Public Library; and John Winterich, a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*.

**Some representative titles: *Archaic Egypt; Prehistoric Crete; Gods, Graves, and Scholars; Prehistoric India to 1000 B.C.; History of Xerxes the Great; The Decipherment of Linear B; Lost Languages; The City in History; The Golden Bough; The Greek Myths; Book of the Dead; The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic; Patterns of Culture; Book of the Eskimos; Mankind So Far; Before Abraham; The Tree of Culture; Folkways; The Hymns of Zarathustra; Roman Emperor Worship;* and *The Shrines of Tut-Ankh-Amon*.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Covert Community

THE NOVEL today is often a means of exploring strange worlds, not only distant lands but also segments of our own society to which most of us, most of the time, have managed to remain blind. Once, not so many decades ago, there was a conspiracy to keep certain sorts of experience out of fiction, but the taboos have been destroyed, and we have novels about prostitution, alcoholism, drug addiction. We have also had novels about homosexuals, but we have not, so far as I know, had a novel that dealt so directly with the homosexual world as does John Rechy's *City of Night* (Grove, $5.95).

This is a novel about queens, scores, studs, dikes, and others who would once have been dismissed simply as perverts. The nameless narrator is a stud—that is, a young man (or "youngman," as Rechy puts it) who lives on homosexuals, though he is not a homosexual himself, or at any rate hopes that he isn't. His presumed masculinity, which he has to prove to himself by going with women, is a major source of his appeal to the scores, his customers. He is, however, an integral part of the homosexual world, and the novel seems to suggest that his chances of escaping from it are slight.

The narrator begins with a brief account of his boyhood in El Paso, but then plunges quickly into a description of what he discovered in New York, Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans. Wherever he went, the life was always the same—the life of gay bars, selected street corners, movie houses, the places frequented by the hunters and therefore by the hunted. (One of the wiser characters says, "There isn't any difference, really, between the hunter and the hunted. The hunter makes himself available—usually passively, but available nevertheless. That's his way of hunting.") Wherever the narrator goes, he finds the same city—the city of night.

The novel is shaped in a simple fashion, character sketches alternating with straight narrative. It is an extraordinary gallery that Rechy has brought together, from the erudite professor to the aging movie star, from the queen who wants a fabulous wedding to the queen who defies the world. Some of these sketches are done with imagination and skill; others are clumsy and less than credible. But by and large they strengthen the impression that the narrative section gives of obsessed behavior. These are people who are driven by forces not too easily understood. Something is involved that is much more complicated than what we ordinarily think of as the sex impulse.

It is Rechy's intention, I take it, to show us this homosexual world, not to explain its existence. With the narrator, however, he does make some effort to indicate how his pattern of behavior took shape. There are, in the first chapter, glimpses of his father and mother, and the narrator eventually makes a specific statement: "And it was somewhere about that time that the narcissistic pattern of my life began. From my father's inexplicable hatred of me and my mother's blind carnivorous love, I fled to the Mirror. I would stand before it, thinking: I have only Me! . . . I became obsessed with age. At seventeen, I dreaded growing old. Old age is something that must never happen to me. The image of myself in the mirror must never fade into someone I can't look at."

Later he flees to the city of night. He becomes a hustler because he wants

to be wanted, and the fact that a score pays him money is proof of his desirability. ("The money which I got in exchange for sex was a token indication of one-way desire: that I was wanted enough to be paid for, on my own terms.") Such an arrangement leaves him quite uninvolved emotionally, which is what his nature demands. Periodically in the course of the novel he finds himself drawing close to someone, and immediately he runs away. Meanwhile, as he sees what age does to others, his fear of growing old is intensified.

This is a harsh and often nasty world that Rechy presents, but he presents it, for the most part, without sensationalism. He never tries to shock the reader; on the contrary, he sometimes seems to be protecting the reader's sensibilities, so that occasionally one wonders why, having been as ex-

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plicit as he has been, he hasn't been altogether explicit. There is plenty that is painful, but one never feels that one is being pelted with filth, as one does in reading William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch*. Rechy's style, though it can be tiresomely exclamatory, is usually controlled and quietly forceful. He has some objectionable mannerisms, including a weakness for capitalizing words he wants to emphasize, but most of the time he goes about his job in a workmanlike fashion.

Because the novel is written in the first person, we are limited in our search for understanding by the degree of the narrator's self-knowledge. In the first chapter, as I have noted, he tells us a little about his father and mother, but later he tries to find a deeper explanation of his conduct. "I had seen enough in that journey," he reflects, "to know with certainty that the roots of rebellion went far, far beyond that. Beyond the father, beyond the mother. Far beyond childhood—and even birth. An alienation that began much earlier. From the very Beginning . . . Something about the inherited unfairness—that nobody's responsible but we're all guilty. Something that has to do with destiny." He seems to be saying that his way of life is a kind of protest against the human condition, but, if it is significant that the narrator feels this way, the explanation does not carry the reader far. The narrator does not understand himself, and if Rechy understands him, he has not found a way of letting us know.

The novel is essentially static. That is, although we are given an ever widening picture of the homosexual world, the narrator remains essentially the same. He is, to be sure, drawn more and more deeply into that world, but this does not involve a change in his character. At the end he has fled to his home in El Paso, but it seems clear enough that he will return to the city of night.

Rechy, who is twenty-nine, has given us a carefully detailed study of a segment of contemporary life that is completely mysterious to many people. Without supposing that the book is in any precise sense autobiographical, one does have to assume that Rechy is closely acquainted with the world he describes, for he writes with a kind of authority that cannot be faked. But he is more than a good reporter, for he has touched his materials with the imagination and the craft of a writer. According to the blurb, he is currently adapting *City of Night* for the stage—an occupation that would seem to present certain difficulties—and is writing another novel. Whatever he writes should be worth reading.

—Granville Hicks.

Books in the News

THE SUPREME CHOICE
Britain and Europe
BY
DREW MIDDLETON
THE COMMON MARKET
TODAY—AND TOMORROW
ALLIANCE BORN OF DANGER
America, the Common Market and the Atlantic Partnership
Charles A. Cerami
THE FUTURE OF THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY
From the introduction by JEAN MONNET:
"This book is the first to seize clearly upon the nature of this new dynamic, and to present it simply and forcefully in the context of rapidly moving events."
THE COMMUNITY OF EUROPE
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
BY RICHARD MAYNE
THE NEW EUROPE
TODAY—AND TOMORROW
GEORGE LICHTHEIM
TOWARD AN ATLANTIC COMMUNITY
CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

By MICHAEL CURTIS, *professor of political science at Rutgers, currently working on a study of European integration.*

IN HIS introduction to *The Supreme Choice* (Knopf, $5) Drew Middleton, the New York *Times* correspondent, confesses that the book was a difficult but satisfying task. Everyone writing on the European integration movement will agree that the satisfaction stems from dealing with one of the most exciting political developments of the century. All know, too, the difficulty produced by the unusual fluidity and complexity of political, economic, and military factors in a European Community struggling to be born and an Atlantic organization still in the process of conception. Mr. Middleton has tried to keep his book up to date by last-minute additions, but the switching of tenses and the changing of his role from prophet to historian and back produce confusing results.

The events of January 1963 and the actions of French political gladiators have also invalidated in varying degrees the arguments of the other six books considered here: *Alliance Born of Danger*, by Charles A. Cerami (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95); *The Community of Europe*, by Richard Mayne (Norton, $4); *Toward an Atlantic Community*, by Christian A. Herter (Harper & Row, $2.95); *The Future of the Atlantic Community*, by Kurt Birrenbach (Praeger, hardbound $3.50, paperback $1.25); *The New Europe: Today—and Tomorrow*, by George Lichtheim (Praeger, hardbound $5.50, paper-

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back $2.25), and *The Common Market: Today—and Tomorrow*, by Michael Shanks and John Lambert (Praeger, paperback, $2.25).

The tone of each of the books reflects both the different personalities of the authors and the different angles of vision from which they see the kaleidoscopic European situation. Middleton is ardently enthusiastic, Cerami is naïvely conversational, Mayne is official and cautious, Lichtheim is studious and reflective, Herter is disciplined and realistic; Birrenbach is hopeful and pragmatic; Shanks and Lambert combine detailed precision with calm advocacy.

Mr. Middleton traces the story of Britain's demographic, economic, and military problems, the catastrophic impact of the two world wars on her power, the loosening of ties with the Commonwealth, and the desperate attempt to cling to the United States. He shrewdly comments on the changing patterns of English life, in which affluence, advertising, and Americanization are more pronounced than antiquated quaintness.

The author, whose admiration for the British people was evident in his previous book, *These Are the British*, berates this insular, proud, prosperous society for becoming preoccupied with mass entertainment and gambling, which he believes has left it psychologically ill-equipped to venture into the fierce competition of Europe. Nevertheless the British genius for politics did reassert itself at the eleventh hour; Macmillan applied for membership in the Common Market after he was convinced not only of its economic advantages, but also that the intimate relationship with the U.S. would survive Britain's entry. A wholehearted advocate of this step, Mr. Middleton sees Britain assuming an important role inside a united Europe. Unfortunately, neither General de Gaulle nor Harold Wilson will be pleased with his view of Britain as America's spokesman and advocate on the Continent.

Many of the incidental points made by Middleton are discerning. He reminds us of the potential economic and military power of Germany in the new Europe; he warns that Soviet threats no longer have the old power to nourish unity in the Western alliance; he is critical of the stress on classical rather than technical and medical education for Africans. But at times Middleton's impressionistic journalism, reinforced by some statistics on the patterns of British trade, leaves the impression of a love affair with a dictating machine. Too many of the facile generalizations that abound in his book seem to derive from casual conversations with "an old Irishman" or "an automobile dealer en route from Kansas City."

Mr. Cerami has also talked to "the policy makers of Europe and America," but his book, *Alliance Born of Danger*, records only the more inconsequential of the confidences entrusted to him by an apparently inexhaustible number of confidants, from Jean Monnet and "a scholar with a long memory" to Italian elevator operators in German hotels.

For Mr. Cerami, the Common Market and the proposals for an Atlantic Community are simply an attempt to reach a world alliance through a new method, commerce. To him the real reason for alliance remains the anti-Communism of the twenty countries bordering the Atlantic, which are threatened by a common enemy. With unconscious acknowledgment to Kierkegaard, Cerami believes that dread necessity rather than humanization in world affairs has led to cooperation among nations. Fortunately, he sees the dread of Communism as sufficiently strong to act as a unifying force, overriding the barriers and strains of language, location, history, and economics.

Imprecise about European affairs, Mr. Cerami is more knowledgeable about the problems facing American business. He is concerned, not only about the possible protectionism of the Common Market, but also about "the fugitive industries"—those enterprises set up overseas by Americans in place of firms formerly in the U.S., or instead of expansion here.

IT is natural that Cerami, a management expert, should be troubled about the disparity between European and American wage rates, which has helped cause this transfer of industrial and commercial resources. Yet his warning is a little too blunt: American labor, having had the upper hand in bargaining up to now, had better beware; American industry has somewhere else to go. George Meany will not be amused by Mr. Cerami.

It has been said that only a participant can be a profound observer. In his clear and concise account of the development of European institutions, Mr. Mayne, an official of the European Community, writes with an insider's knowledge, if not with profundity. However, he traces with superb verve concepts of Europe from the legend of Europa, the daughter of the King of Tyre, to the British negotiations of 1962. The attraction of *The Community of Europe* is not lessened by the evident admiration felt by the author for Monnet and for Walter Hallstein, who is president of the European Economic Community Commission.

Not surprisingly, Mayne favors the idea of the EEC with a common external tariff rather than the loose free-trade area proposed by Britain in 1958. One wonders, though, whether his argument that the traditional objectives of free trade cannot be obtained without economic cooperation and even integration is still applicable now that the United States has manifested interest in such a free-trade area. He also defends the Common Market against the charge that its common external tariff is discriminatory, a defense in which Orville Freeman and American poultry farmers will not concur. But he indicates the difficulties the Common Market has in dealing with the claims of nonmembers—Latin America, Japan, Israel—to special treatment, while still working out its own trade policy. The consequent dilemma is that the more special concessions the EEC grants, the more readily a complicated and discriminatory world-wide arrangement is created with which it is unable to deal.

MR. MAYNE is fond of using the Italian word *ridimensionamento* to describe the fundamental change of scale in international relations when continents have replaced countries as effective units of world power. It was unfortunate for his book that General de Gaulle showed that belief in the nation-state as the supreme political reality has not yet disappeared. Walter Hallstein has said on a number of occasions that "the European Community is not something static, or something ready-made; it is a process of continuous creation." Mayne agrees with this view. Apart from suggesting the need to merge the three executives of the European Community into one High Commission, and the desirability of electing the European Parliament by direct universal suffrage, he cautiously refuses to speculate about future developments.

Mayne obviously thinks little of an Atlantic Community, which he terms "a somewhat loose concept." Christian Herter and Kurt Birrenbach, fellow delegates to the 1962 Citizens' Convention of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, from which many of their suggestions stem, think otherwise.

In his brief but brilliantly argued *Toward an Atlantic Community*, Mr. Herter insists not only that an Atlantic Community is a possibility, but that it must be constituted. Such a Community, he maintains, would not conflict with the U.N., but would strengthen the machinery for the maintenance of peace. Moreover, its own increasing trade and prosperity would benefit the less developed nations through in-

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creased aid and trade for them also.

Herter is deliberately ambiguous about the membership of an Atlantic Community and about the exact form its political institutions should take. He examines three different roads that may lead to union: the European organizations, NATO, or the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development and its associated countries. The United States, he believes, can influence the direction in which the European organizations develop. It is not inappropriate for the U.S. Special Representative for Trade Negotiations to urge that desirable trade relations can be such an influence, while also warning of the difficulties of effective partnership. No one will be surprised by his view that the greatest problem in achieving effective unity of command in NATO has resulted from the existence of nuclear weapons. But it is worth remembering that it was Secretary of State Herter who in December 1960 first advanced the concept that the U.S. should commit to NATO five submarines carrying a total of eighty Polaris missiles.

Reciprocal reduction in tariffs between the U.S. and the European Community will lead to freer trade between two immense markets. But Herter warns that the U.S. must be prepared for increased competition, and that painful adjustments are inevitable. He cautions against overoptimism about the ease of establishing a trade partnership with a strong Common Market, which may find it can make sufficient progress within its own area while retaining a comparatively high tariff wall. Herter takes a global view: he argues for the extension of most-favored-nation treatment to non-European nations, and in particular is concerned about possible European discrimination against Japan.

Mr. Herter believes that the integration of Europe and discussions of an Atlantic Community can proceed on parallel lines. Trade partnership and military alliance are the essential prerequisites for a political union, and they must be advanced substantially before common political institutions can be fruitfully discussed. He suggests four specific steps: a special governmental commission to draw up plans for an Atlantic Community, a permanent High Council at the summit level as the planning body of the Community, increased use of the NATO Parliamentarians' Conference as an advisory body, and an Atlantic High Court of Justice.

Mr. Herter also contributes a generous preface to Kurt Birrenbach's study, *The Future of the Atlantic Community*, which differs from his own in three important ways: it sees Atlantic

(*Continued on page* 37)

POTPOURRI

Harvest of a Fertile Mind

***Dramatis Personae**, by John Mason Brown (Viking. 563 pp. $7.50), contains essays on drama and other matters by a critic to whom theatre is "the dwelling place of wonder." George Oppenheimer, drama critic of Newsday, edited the anthology "The Passionate Playgoer."*

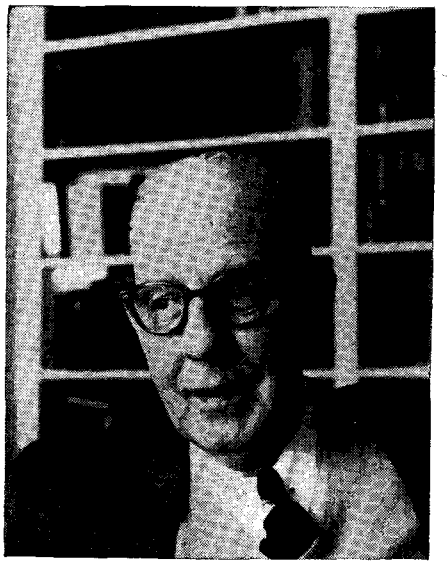
By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

JOHN MASON BROWN is an editor-at-large of *Saturday Review*. He is also an observer and writer-at-large on the arts, the political scene, and life in general. With catholicity of taste and a multiplicity of knowledge he surveys theatres, wars, countries, books, peoples generally, and individuals individually, with a happy coupling of humor and humanity.

When, a few years ago, Mr. Brown forsook the playhouse aisle for a broader view of the world, the theatre lost its most civilized and graceful contemporary drama critic. Only Brooks Atkinson, who has also defected to wider spheres, could compare with him in love of the theatre, in learning, and in perceptiveness.

Now, happily, the riper fruits of his years as a critic have been gathered together in a volume that contains sixty selections from eleven of his previous works, several uncollected articles, a new prologue and epilogue, and the complete text of *The Modern Theatre in Revolt*, an early book, long out of print, on trends that are still influencing the theatre today. *Dramatis Personae* does not, however, limit itself to the drama of the playhouse, but spills over, as Mr. Brown's interests and enthusiasms are bound to do, onto the beaches of Normandy, the courtroom at Nuremberg, a meeting of the last few remaining members of the GAR, the streets of Moscow, the morals and mores of America.

Nevertheless, the main body of Mr. Brown's text is devoted to plays and players, craftsmen and critics, playwrights, producers, directors, and the other inhabitants of what Robert E. Sherwood, to whose memory this book is dedicated, called "the dwelling place of wonder." Mr. Brown shared with Mr. Sherwood this feeling for the theatre. He approached his task of critical appraisal with a warmth that



John Mason Brown: "Something of a seismograph, something of an echo."

is sadly lacking today. He also brought to it a severity that was quick to single out and banish from the "dwelling place" the dispensers of the cheap, the pretentious, and the tawdry. He was quick to praise and quick to flay, but the former he reserved for high achievement and the latter for abject failure. If a writer or actor fell short of a first-rate performance, Mr. Brown was ever ready to award him a "five for neatness and effort."

Hear him on some of his likes and dislikes. Of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*: "It is not so much of the streets of a New England Town he writes as of the clean white spire which rises above them." Of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*: "Mr. Miller's play is a tragedy modern and personal, not classic and heroic. Its central figure is a little man sentenced to discover his smallness rather than a big man undone by his greatness." Of G. B. S.: "Headmaster to the universe." Of Maurice Evans as Hamlet: "Thoughtful as he is, he is not a sandwich man for melancholia." Of Katharine Hepburn in *As You Like It*: "I cannot help feeling that she mistakes the Forest of Arden for the Bryn Mawr campus." Of Mae West: "As an archetype of the predatory female, Miss West is about as sinister as a retrieved copy of *The Police Gazette*." Of General Omar Bradley: "His weapon of command is understatement. He makes the role of general the more

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important by underplaying it." Of modern warfare: "It tolerates no immunities. Its eagerness to wound is total."

There is a strong temptation to go on quoting, but it could lead me into reproducing rather than reviewing *Dramatis Personae*. Mr. Brown's volume, handsomely bound and printed, begins in the Twenties, with flashbacks to earlier theatrical scenes and characters, and progresses to the Theatre of the Absurd. Whether its author is dealing with Shaw or Shakespeare, Molière or O'Neill, soldiers in battle dress or soldiers in buskin, the eighteenth-century Lambs or the twentieth-century Lunts, the theatre of Russia's revolution or the world theatre in revolt, he combines education with entertainment and dedication with delight.

I cannot imagine a theatre buff responding to his book with anything less than whole-hearted gratitude. I can readily imagine others becoming theatre buffs, so contagious is Mr. Brown's enthusiasm. In a piece called "The Men on the Aisle" he discusses the critic's proper function:

> Something of a seismograph, something of an echo, something of a teacher, a truant officer, a prophet, a guide, a coxswain, a preacher, a courier, and, particularly, a lover, he must welcome the realization that he alone is responsible for the range to his authority and that, no matter how far he may extend it, his opinions will always fall far short of infallibility.

It pleases me to think that in his book Mr. Brown has fallen short by something less than an abbreviated jot.

Samplings of a Master Sampler

Power, Politics and People: The Collected Essays of C. Wright Mills, *edited by Irving Louis Horowitz (Oxford, hardbound $8.50. Ballantine, paperback, $1.45), assembles writings by the late sociologist on those topics he considered most vital. C. Northcote Parkinson is the author, among other books, of "The Evolution of Political Thought."*

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THE LATE C. Wright Mills was a sociologist of eminence and a prolific writer on all or most aspects of the contemporary scene. He was the author of a dozen books, some 170 articles of importance, and innumerable book reviews. From this mass of material Irving Horowitz has chosen the essays that deal, respectively, with power, politics, people, and knowledge—the subjects in which Mills displayed the most consistent interest. The result is an important book, complete with introduction, bibliography, and index. The organization of the material is sound, but the editor has unforgivably failed to date the essays, which often record Mills's reaction to contemporary (but here unspecified) events. This does nothing to weaken the editor's claim, however, that Mills was "the greatest sociologist that the United States has ever produced." Nor will any reader doubt that *Power, Politics and People* fairly represents the ideas of an exceptionally gifted man.

The essays fall, in fact, into three categories. Some relate to the sociological work in which Mills took part. Some are book reviews in which he deals, often caustically, with the works of other sociologists. Others comprise his more general observations on the world in which we live. Taking these in order, the essays in the first category assume a familiar pattern: "Decatur, Illinois, is a city of 60,000 population. . . . We took a sample . . . 800 households. . . . We began to interview . . . analyze the figures . . . [which] enabled us to answer rather complicated questions on a statistical basis."

C. Wright Mills—"the terror of the pseudo scientist."

This was the sort of thing in which Mills firmly believed. In the words of his editor, "he was, above all else, convinced of the value and high purpose of sociological inquiry." This conviction is one which the reader may fail to share. Statistical facts may tell us more about society, but our suspicion deepens that the knowledge is valueless. Facts that are significant we probably knew already, and facts that are new seem essentially trivial. Mills could prove statistically that a number of different concepts are involved in the idea of "status." He could show that most political leaders have a background of wealth. But no one ever thought otherwise; and there is nothing, in any case, that we can do about it.

Certain as he might have been about the value of sociology, Mills found little to excite him in half the programs he was asked to evaluate. He made enemies, indeed, by his brusque treatment of much that passes for "science." He had no use for the solemnities of methodology which lead through equations and graphs to a discovery that amounts to nothing. The terror of the pseudo scientist, he was himself less vulnerable to attack, for he had no love of mystery as such; but it is a question whether the reports he castigated were much less significant (even when less methodical) than those he himself had sponsored.

THE fact is that his casual remarks, made in works that fall into the third category, are far more valuable than his statistically supported conclusions. A phrase like "the folklore of how democracy works" leads later on to the comment that both major political parties use the same liberal rhetoric "largely completed before Lincoln's death," and that "what goes on domestically may briefly be described in terms of the main drift towards a permanent war economy in a garrison state." He also points out that the USA and the USSR reveal growing similarities, and that they clash not because they differ but because they are appallingly alike.

In observations of this kind we appreciate the insight of a thinker and writer who was much more than a sociologist. When he writes of "the mindless years we have been enduring," or when he remarks that "knowledge that is not communicated has a way of turning the mind sour," he is clearly at his best. However, when he asserts that "the range of social contact available to the individual is limited by his class and social position," he is offering a

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familiar blend of the trivial and the trite.

Why did so able a man fail to concentrate on the sort of authorship for which he was best fitted? The answer must be that the pressures of modern academic life have made such a concentration impossible. That one remark about knowledge turning the mind sour is worth a whole volume of sociology. But what associate professor would dare to produce one aphorism a month and one slim volume in a decade? We must justify ourselves in terms of quantitative output, loading the library shelves with statistical proof of what everyone knows. Mr. Mills was not exempt from this necessity, and his essays vary from the journalistically brilliant to the academically dull.

But he was not a man to be ignored, and Mr. Horowitz, asking the question "What was the magic of Mills?" can answer, and very properly, that "he succeeded in being taken seriously by friend and foe alike."

Voice of Versatility

The Fascination of the Abomination: Poems, Stories, and Essays, *by Reed Whittemore (Macmillan. 333 pp. $5), reveals the various facets of one writer's work. Charles Simmons of the New York Times Book Review was coeditor of "The Creative Present."*

By CHARLES SIMMONS

AS AN otherwise easy-to-please consumer of book reviews, I find one ploy particularly irritating: the notice that takes a book down for 90 per cent of its length but concludes with the claim "Nonetheless, many will find much pleasure . . ." I am about to commit such a review myself, and mention it in the hope that forewarned will be disarmed.

Reed Whittemore is chairman of the English Department at Carleton College; he was founder and editor of one of the better little magazines, the defunct *Furioso*; and now is editor of *The Carleton Miscellany*, a lively periodical that has shown far more good sense, good fun, and good taste than most of its competitors. Mr. Whittemore has published four volumes of poetry, and the March before last Macmillan brought out *The Boy from Iowa*, a collection of his poetry and essays, which I'm now reading and which I like better than the collection of his verse, stories, essays, and book reviews at hand.

First a word about the wisdom of gathering into one volume the work of one writer in these different media. The idea for such a book arises, I imagine, from the practice of little magazines of publishing verse, fiction, essays, and book reviews between a single cover. Because it works for a magazine, does it follow that it will work for a single writer?

I don't think so, and I believe I know why. When a man is represented by a piece of fiction or a small selection of poems in a magazine, he puts himself forth as a story writer or a poet and he is judged as such. Attention is drawn to and captured by the writing itself, and without conflict. But when he shows all his wares, the reader is tempted, as I was, to use, say, the essays to judge the verse, the personal recollections to gain insights into the fiction, and all of it together to discover what the man himself is like. This can be an interesting game, as it was in reading *The Fascination of the Abomination*, but it can prejudice one against the writer's accomplishments in the separate fields.

For instance, I enjoyed Mr. Whittemore's explanation of Archibald MacLeish's limitations as a poet in his review of MacLeish's *Collected Poems, 1917-1952*, but when I came to read Whittemore's own poems I thought he must have a lot of *hubris* to criticize thus his manifest better. I got a lift from "The Virtues of Vulgarity—Russian and American Views," in which Whittemore argues the slightness of American Beat *kvetching* compared to the rich agonies of Dostoevsky, but Whittemore's own fiction is either so trivial, contrived, or forcedly experimental that I wondered where he got off even mentioning Norman Mailer's name.

WHITTEMORE has a lovely piece called "But Seriously," which deals with the usage of would-be satirists who, after cracking wise, cover their bets with earnest hokum. "Bob Hope will spend the evening making jokes about Bing Crosby, and then say, 'But seriously'; and you know what follows, a few moments of sentiment about good old Bing." This is cowardice, and it is so rife in the land that you feel like giving Whittemore a big kiss for having blown the whistle on it. But then you find him covering his own bets in quaint ways —using mock-humble interjections in discussions of his artistic and intellectual ambitions and accomplishments, slipping in such phrases as "or something" when he suspects he may be suspected of verbal hyperfacility. It made me wonder whether it didn't take one to know one.

This is not the whole story. Whittemore's long, ambitious essay on Browning's poems made me search out and dust off my own Modern Library edition. "A Letter to Karl Shapiro," which appeared originally as a review of Shapiro's terrible-tempered *In Defense of Ignorance*, is an eloquent message to a fellow-writer that he had inadvertently given aid and comfort to the enemy—to his own enemy, to Whittemore's enemy, to the real yahoo, the real square, the guy who ends his review with "Nonetheless, many will find. . . ."

Nonetheless, I liked this book and, as I said, I'm reading the earlier *The Boy from Iowa*.

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FICTION

A Rage to Relive

Elizabeth Appleton, *by John O'Hara (Random House. 310 pp. $4.95), presents the author's image of the academic world with its pretty irrationalities. The American novel particularly interests David Boroff, associate professor of English at New York University.*

By DAVID BOROFF

JOHN O'HARA's disabilities are formidable: his prose is often perfunctory, his themes repetitious, his details bothersome. He is a stubbornly old-fashioned writer who has resisted intellectual change and goes about his business of solid, homely social documentation. And even his dedication can be vexatious, for his enormous output tends to settle into a familiar monotone. People have long admired O'Hara's capacity for total recall, but it is also true that he seems to recall the same things in every novel.

Given these limitations, John O'Hara still ranks as one of the best writers of our time. He has a shrewd eye, a cool head, and an absolutely flawless ear. His grasp of human behavior is little less than stunning. At a time when literature tends to be inward and symbolistic, O'Hara has an almost hieratic commitment to the great theme of American society and how it works. Despite his parochial attachment to upper-class life and a certain testiness, John O'Hara illuminates the American experience more revealingly than any writer of our time. I suspect that in years to come, when people want to know what it was like in the second and third quarters of the twentieth century they will turn to his distinguished body of work.

O'Hara's new novel, *Elizabeth Appleton,* is not among his finest works, but it is interesting because it marks a new phase of reconciliation. The author's novels in the past have been permeated by a tragic vision of life. His most attractive characters have been upper-class people with a sustaining sense of decency who were first fulfilled and then destroyed by love. And this always took place in a society in which an instinct for order was a controlling force. It is this tension between the ordered life and the anarchic power of sex that is truly O'Hara's theme. But in *Elizabeth Appleton* the author successfully reconciles the two. This is one of his gentlest books.

It is the story of a girl of wealthy family who is married to a handsome, moderately gifted young college instructor. Like most of O'Hara's heroines, Elizabeth is a tough-minded young woman who soon discovers that her husband is hardly the man she thought he was. A ritualistic New Deal liberal, he has a limited appetite for the truth. (O'Hara's *echt*-heroes are always truth-seekers, but never in a doctrinaire way.) Early in her marriage Elizabeth has an affair with an idle, intelligent man from her own *milieu;* it is her way of re-embracing the background she had abandoned for academe. The war intervenes, the affair continues; but after the war she determines to sever the relationship. She settles with finality (except for one lapse) into her marriage and works hard to advance her husband's academic career. Although she is frustrated in her ambition to make him president of his college, the novel ends on an amiable note of middle-aged comfort and good will.

There will be readers who will quarrel with O'Hara's cheerful reconciliation of what in the past seemed hopelessly irreconcilable. Elizabeth Appleton is spiritual sister to a whole line of cruel O'Hara heroines, who broke far tougher men than John Appleton. There is a chilling moment when her lover perceives that for Elizabeth sex and marriage are separate and that she has a masculine aptitude for compartmentalizing her life; but in the end it is her stoicism and sense of order that save her marriage.

O'Hara's treatment of academic life clearly reflects his virtues and limita-

Combat in Chiaroscuro: In 1942 Howard Brodie enlisted in the U.S. Army as artist, carrying pencils and sketch pads instead of weapons. For *Yank—the Army Weekly* he covered the Guadalcanal, Central Europe, and Rhineland campaigns. Several years later he was again in the front lines, this time as a civilian artist-correspondent. Many of the sketches in **Howard Brodie War Drawings** (National Press, $15) are now published for the first time; many others, originally printed in *Yank,* have never been seen by the general public. Here are "dogfaces" exhausted to numbness, desolate refugees, the wounded and dying—a blunt and unsentimental reminder of "blood, sweat, and tears."

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tions. He has an unerring sense of scholastic power politics: the process of selecting a president, the ambiguous role of the trustees, the attitude of the college administration to student sexual vagaries—all of these are handled with incisive intelligence. O'Hara has a marvelously exact sense of the petty irrationalities that go into the making of an important decision. John Appleton, for example, fails to get the presidency of Spring Valley College because he is so clearly the right choice that the trustees, uneasy about their piddling functions, decide to assert themselves and search outside the college for their man. But Spring Valley College appears oddly devoid of intellect. The only professor who seems to traffic in ideas does so out of a pathological curiosity about sex; the others are almost totally innocent even of learning, let alone of ideas. If O'Hara's portrayal of people has a timeless relevance, his image of the academic world seems a little dated.

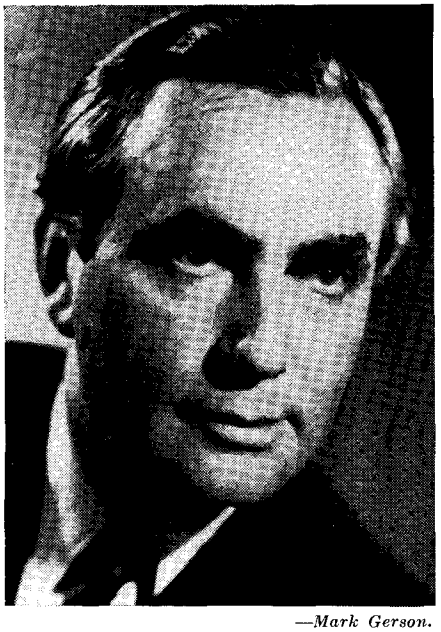
Elizabeth Appleton will do little to advance O'Hara's reputation among the unpersuaded; but it offers another fascinating sojourn in that vividly tenanted country of O'Hara's imagination.

Bodies Fall as Night Descends

The Fratricides, *by Maurice Edelman (Random House. 306 pp. $4.95), fictionalizes its author's views concerning the recent Algerian crisis. Hal Lehrman is a lecturer and author who frequently reports on North African affairs.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

MAURICE EDELMAN, one of those formidable British MPs who are as articulate seated behind a typewriter as on their feet before the House, can look to a shelf of best-selling intrigue-and-dagger novels to keep him in kippers if he should flub the next election. For his current literary effort, a sinister tale about French Algeria's final agony, he collects pretty nearly everything needed for another success. He has a muscular plot bulging with bodies, conspiracies, and treasons. His gorgeous heroine flits from bed to bed. Her men are strong and purposeful. The local color is bright and authentic. Mr. Edelman knows his Algiers and his Algerians so well that I was able to follow him down every lane and even recognize most of his fictitious characters.



—*Mark Gerson.*

Maurice Edelman—"a thesis."

But Mr. Edelman also has a thesis, which is always an awkward ingredient in an adventure-yarn formula. This time it crowds out the action. The author shows more zeal for proving his point than telling his story. His people are attitudes, not individuals; their dialogue is a persistent drone of political argument, mostly obvious. The result is a wooden world inhabited by blockheads. In addition, the thesis is demonstrably wrong. History itself has exposed it, even while the ink on Mr. Edelman's manuscript—like the blood in Algiers's streets—was turning dry.

The author takes the line that most good souls took on Algeria when Charles de Gaulle a while back was handing that country over to the presumably brave and noble Moslem rebel "leadership." A million Europeans disagreed, along with several million Moslems whom de Gaulle did not consult. Mr. Edelman's villains are the men of the Secret Army Organization (OAS), which was fighting terror with terror to save Algeria from the National Liberation Front (FLN), de Gaulle's nominee for power. His heroes are those rare Europeans who deplored the OAS and banked on FLN-de Gaulle forecasts of freedom and pie for all.

But current events are turning the villains into prophets and the heroes into dolts. The main character, a venerable Jewish physician (whose execution by the OAS is contrived by the author), is ineffably confident that the de Gaulle program means peace and equality in "the Algerian Algeria of tomorrow." A Gaullist security chief imported from Paris to scotch the OAS by guile and ruses (with time off for capers with the anti-Fascist wife of a big OAS wheel) dreams of that sure and inevitable day when "there'll be Moslems and Europeans walking arm-in-arm along the rue Michelet. . . ."

Well, Algiers's rue Michelet is no street for interracial strolling nowadays, or even for strictly Moslem promenades. Some 80 per cent of the Europeans, including the Jews, have fled. Tens of thousands of Moslems have been fricasseed by the vengeful FLN. The FLN itself, after diligent amputation of its own dissident factions, has delivered us a tidy, one-party, one-man police state whose patron saints are Castro and Nasser.

All this could have been (and was) foreseen, but not by Mr. Edelman, staunch wearer of a Legion of Honor rosette from de Gaulle's own hand. Less a novel than a tract, *The Fratricides* will sound increasingly foolish as the Algerian night grows darker.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1035

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1035 will be found in the next issue.

NQAWBHAB DQDDRAM QTT

QT DSQKCSOW FRGG LHPC

BECC H OXFQSZ BEXWCGT.

TYGGCS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1034

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people.

—COLERIDGE.

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The See Around Him

—Jerry Bauer.

Morris L. West—"an eloquent awareness of spiritual issues."

The Shoes of the Fisherman, *by Morris L. West. (Morrow. 374 pp. $4.95), the story of a fictitious Pope in an unspecified future, examines the nature of "the most paradoxical office in the world." Riley Hughes, associate professor of English at Georgetown University, portrayed a twenty-first-century papal election in his novel "The Hills Were Liars."*

By RILEY HUGHES

THE NOVELIST, Marquis Childs once told a group of students of writing, can go behind the closed doors of assembly and conclave where the interpretative reporter, tied to press releases and briefings, cannot enter. Thus, not without danger to itself, the novel can, in skilled hands, become a dimension of reportage and thereby perform intuitive generosities not open to factual reporting. In *The Shoes of the Fisherman* Morris L. West uses the form of the novel to set aside the protocol and privacy of the Vatican, "this gilded garden patch," in order to communicate, with the immediacy of fiction, his sense of that "most paradoxical office in the world," the papacy.

As the novel opens—in some unspecified future, for a Protestant now occupies the White House—the See of Peter is newly vacant, and the cardinals have gathered to elect a new Pope. Their choice, swiftly and by acclamation, falls upon Kiril Cardinal Lakota, a Ukrainian. Pope Kiril, for whose reign some foresee "a second renaissance within the Church, a new and unexpected link between the logical West and the illuminated East," is soon made aware of the complexities of his position. The weight of tradition and the intransigeance of traditionalists present subtle obstacles for one who spent seventeen years in the simplistic context of Communist imprisonment. Kiril's new struggle is not so much with evil as with that good which is the enemy of the best. Even Kamenev, Kiril's former jailer and now the Soviet premier, offers only an impalpable danger, and at a baffling distance.

To foreshorten such distances, Kiril must find his own way to address himself *urbi et orbi*—to the city and to the world. Impulsively, on the night of his coronation he goes down into the city incognito, dressed in a black cassock, has conversation and coffee at an espresso bar, is called to the bedside of a dying man, and later hears the life story of Ruth Lewin, a troubled young widow. Later her life becomes involved with that of a rising young Italian political figure, Corrado Calitri, whose estranged wife is having an affair with an American. The latter's efforts to secure evidence for an annulment of his mistress's marriage provide, at a remove from the central action, a subplot in Mr. West's familiar manner. At other intervals, through direct narrative and also by means of "extracts" from Kiril's "secret memorials," we watch the Pope as he seeks new directions in the Church through the help of Jean Télémond, a Jesuit anthropologist-philosopher, and as he manages to provide for an urgent international situation responses of drama and delicacy.

Mr. West moves deftly enough between the two Romes of his narrative, and he delineates Pope Kiril's progress with reverence and an eloquent awareness of spiritual issues. Still, he arrives at explanation, not intuition; and he elicits one's belief only intermittently. For one thing, his pontiff and his Jesuit resemble Pope John and Teilhard de Chardin rather too closely to achieve the authoritative, independent life of characters in a novel. Thus *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* for all its merits, remains just outside the boundaries of fiction's imaginary garden.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THIRTY LOVE AND ALL THAT

The individuals named in Column One, all connected with the world of sport, wrote autobiographies the titles of which are scrambled in Column Two. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, asks you to assign the correct authors to the correct titles. Time is called on page 38.

1. Ted Husing	( ) "I Always Wanted to Be Somebody"
2. John Fitch	( ) "The Tumult and the Shouting"
3. Bill Corum	( ) "Somebody Up There Likes Me"
4. Bill Stern	( ) "Anglers and Muscleheads"
5. Barney Ross	( ) "My Eyes Are in My Heart"
6. Tom Gifford	( ) "Third Man in the Ring"
7. Bill Talbert	( ) "No Man Stands Alone"
8. Billy Pearson	( ) "Adventure on Wheels"
9. Althea Gibson	( ) "The Taste of Ashes"
10. Rocky Graziano	( ) "This Life I've Led"
11. Grantland Rice	( ) "Man with a Racket"
12. Gardnar Mulloy	( ) "Playing for Life"
13. Ruby Goldstein	( ) "Never Look Back"
14. Pancho Gonzales	( ) "Golf Is My Game"
15. Robert T. Jones, Jr.	( ) "The Will to Win"
16. William T. Tilden, Jr.	( ) "Off and Running"
17. Babe Didrikson Zaharias	( ) "My Story"

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Through Two Wars, Their Roars

Winston Churchill: The Years of Achievement, *by Lewis Broad (Hawthorn. 629 pp. $8.95), and* ***The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George,*** *by Lord Beaverbrook (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 320 pp. $4.95), chronicle crucial periods in the careers of two of Britain's most colorful prime ministers. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago.*

By JOHN CLIVE

IT IS instructive and interesting to read these two books together. One, a work of formidable proportions, is the second volume of an ambitious biography of Winston Churchill, which begins with his return to office as First Lord of the Admiralty at the beginning of World War II and ends with his recovery just a few months ago from a fracture of the thigh sustained on the Riviera. The other, less than half the size of the first, is an account by one of the principal participants of the breakdown of Lloyd George's Coalition Government shortly after the end of the First World War.

There is no doubt, of course, which of these books has the greater theme. Churchill's leonine leadership of Britain during the years of what he used to call with snarling contempt "the Narzi menace" has already become justly legendary. Mr. Broad makes no secret of his adulation for him, and in the fiercely raging battle of the memorialists and historians about the wisdom of some of Churchill's policies, military and otherwise, he comes down firmly on the side of his hero. "Winston thought good—like a great leader should!" may be said to be the motto of his story.

The task of being Churchill's biographer presents a challenge almost impossible to meet. On the one hand, Churchill himself has told of his involvement in public events in memorable fashion. On the other, many of the relevant documents which are an essential prerequisite for criticism and amendment of Churchill's own story are not accessible to the ordinary mortal. Perhaps there ought to be a moratorium on all biographies until Randolph Churchill's authoritative volumes have seen the light of day. In the meantime, interpretative essays, on the order of Sir Isaiah Berlin's on Churchill and Roosevelt, probably perform a greater service than books covering familiar territory once again. Mr. Broad lacks the psychological insight and the distinction of style required for such essays. His analysis of character is for the most part one-dimensional, has manner of expression for the most part flat.

This is not to say that his book does not have its points. He has made good use of material that has appeared in the form of memoirs in the course of the last few years, and he makes a good case for Churchill in such controversial matters as his insistence on delaying the opening of a Second Front until overwhelming superiority of men and arms was assured. There can no longer be much doubt that as far as facing the realities of the international power struggle after the war was concerned, Churchill's prescience proved superior to that of his American ally, who all too often ignored his warnings and forebodings, and at times seemed more concerned about the threat of "British imperialism" than about Russian ambitions for expansion and domination. Mr. Broad makes us see some of the strains and stresses in the Anglo-American partnership that resulted from these differences of opinion. He also quite properly reminds us of the extent to which, even in time of war, and in his role of lion-hearted leader of a heroic people, Churchill was continually subject to the critical voice of Parliament and to the abrasions of Cabinet conflict.

Thus there were internal crises as well as setbacks to British arms and rifts in the alliance to be overcome. One of these crises resulted, in 1942, in the resignation from the Cabinet of Lord Beaverbrook, then minister of production, who on that occasion wrote to Churchill in these terms: "I must tell you about the twenty-one months of high adventure, the like of which has never been known—everything that has been done by me has been due to your holding me up." Their friendship was an old one, as is evidenced by *The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George,* an eyewitness account of the shifts of political power between 1921 and 1922 that led to the end of Lloyd George's premiership and his succession by Bonar Law at the head of a Conservative Government. Here Churchill plays the role of the pugnacious and domineering colonial secretary, firm of purpose, always aching for a fight, but unable to capture and hold public confidence. He and Lloyd George "looked out on one another like two distant snow-clad mountain peaks."

—From "The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George."

Winston Churchill and Lloyd George — "two distant snow-clad mountain peaks."

But in this book "the Welsh Wizard," and not Churchill, is the protagonist. And the main theme is not, as in Mr. Broad's biography, the successful forging of national unity in the face of an enemy, but the downfall of a leader desperately anxious to hang on as the head of a coalition that had done great things in wartime, but could not survive economic crisis and internal dissension in the immediate postwar years. Intrigue, vanity, bickering, selfishness, distrust, betrayal, and lust for power—these, rather than the sacrifices and efforts of war, are the keynotes of this story. And the backdrop consists not of visits to armies in the field and marathon vodka toasts at summit confer-

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ences, but of popping champagne corks in Cannes and St. Moritz, and elegant Machiavellian dinner parties in Mayfair.

Here are sordid subjects like the sale of honors and the opportunism of political friendships—not noble ones like the evacuation of Dunkirk, and London under the blitz. Furthermore, while the great men and events of World War II are still vivid in our minds, it is difficult for the reader to return to the complexity of English domestic politics of forty years ago.

Nevertheless, Lord Beaverbrook's book is by far the more readable and the more exciting of the two. For one thing, he participated in the events he describes, and knew intimately all the leading figures on the political stage of the time. This, as well as his use of many hitherto unpublished sources, above all the diary of Lloyd George's secretary (and later second wife); Frances Stevenson, give his account special weight and immediacy. In addition, Lord Beaverbrook has a style of his own. It is, to be sure, an idiosyncratic one, ranging in mode from Boy Scout-enthusiastic ("What a surprise! What a day!") to ponderously sententious ("Disaster pursues us with a step as steady as time and an appetite as keen as death"). But his eye for human folly and his ear for the telling anecdote never desert him.

Witness his story of Mrs. Ronnie Greville, hostess at an important political dinner, noticing to her intense discomfiture that her butler was intoxicated and writing him a note—"You are drunk, leave the room at once"—which he promptly presented, on a silver salver and with a deep bow, to the guest of honor, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who was in the midst of holding forth upon the Irish problem.

A comparison between these two books proves once again what perhaps hardly needs proving—that the manner of telling a story is as important (and possibly more so) than the story itself.

—*Portrait by G. A. Sartorio.*

Mrs. G.B.S.—"genius's helpmeet."

Accent on His Fair Lady

Mrs. G.B.S.: A Portrait, *by Janet Dunbar (Harper & Row. 303 pp. $5.95), depicts the Irish heiress who was not only wife to the most famous dramatist of her time but also a remarkable personality in her own right. Stanley Weintraub, a professor at Pennsylvania State University, is author of the recent "Private Shaw and Public Shaw."*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

THIS book really comprises two portraits of Charlotte Payne-Townshend, a charming Irish heiress who survived a "hellish childhood and youth" to attract in her womanhood a swarm of disappointed suitors, ranging from generals to geniuses, until in 1898, aged forty-one, she became Mrs. Bernard Shaw, patroness of causes and unofficial administrative assistant to the most famous man of letters of the time. The first portrait evokes a fascinating personality, made miserable by her mother's status-seeking (accomplished at whatever cost to Charlotte's helplessly passive father), one who, once on her own, substituted indefatigable travel and correspondence for marriage. The second describes a wife of independent means and independent mind who was for the most part eclipsed by a husband whose work and reputation she abetted.

A disappointing downward curve of interest is inevitable after the tensions of Charlotte's unhappy girlhood in Derry, her puzzling of Dublin and London society by fending off eligible and often highly likable men (except for the mysterious Dr. Axel Munthe, who broke her heart in Rome), her running away from the ardent and eloquent G. B. S., who wooed her as persistently as women generally stalked him. Still, the years of marriage as recounted by Miss Dunbar—often through thousands of words in Charlotte's and G. B. S.'s letters—bring to light considerable new information about Shaw's working habits, adventures, and preoccupations, and about how Charlotte affected them. Paradoxically—for some of this material tends to be peripheral to a study of Mrs. G. B. S.—the heightening of Charlotte's life via her marriage to Shaw and her taking on of the roles of his confidential clerk, adviser, and hostess deny her that autonomy of personality that gives vitality to biography.

Nonetheless, Charlotte did retain some independent interests that were neither stifled nor altered by her husband. She never ceased, for example, to seek esoteric philosophical answers to her personal spiritual needs, once pressing upon T. E. Lawrence (who was unresponsive) her tract *Knowledge Is the Door,* a venture into spiritual healing based on the exotic teachings of a Dr. Mills. A voyage to America without Shaw but with the Millses even took precedence over the première of *Pygmalion,* which starred Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the cause of the most serious friction between Charlotte and Shaw.

There were other women in G. B. S.'s life after Charlotte, mostly ambitious young writers or actresses whom both Shaws attempted to discourage, some with less success (and less discouragement from G. B. S.) than others. Miss Dunbar is reticent about certain of them (Janet Achurch in particular), but she is properly selective in dealing with the minor Shavian relationships, presenting in some detail the case of poetess Erica Cotterill, which can be taken as typical.

THE SHAWS' marriage has heretofore been presumed to have been unconsummated—at Charlotte's insistence—and hence a cause of G. B. S.'s interest in other women. Miss Dunbar maintains that since Shaw's premarital correspondence suggests that he and Charlotte were "quite obviously on terms of physical affection right up to the time of their marriage," there is no reason to suppose that in marriage they would have "eschewed the more natural relation."

Was Charlotte good for G. B. S.? Beatrice Webb worried that he might allow Charlotte's wealth to turn him into a dilettante. But, Miss Dunbar concludes, the marriage brought order and harmony into G. B. S.'s life, releasing more of his already abundant energies for his myriad public and artistic activities. Although marriage reduced her to genius's helpmeet, Charlotte was nevertheless a remarkable woman, and "Mrs. G. B. S." serves her well.

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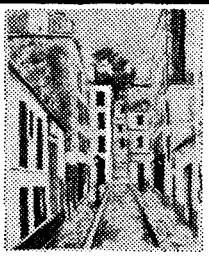

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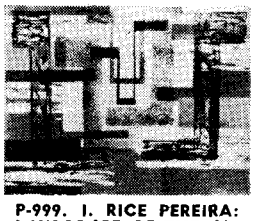

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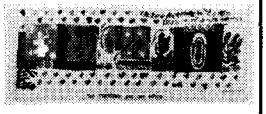
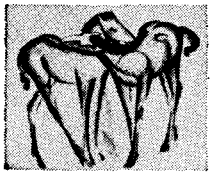


P-813. MATISSE: *THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.* Shapes both exotic and familiar, hearts, stars, foliage, Alladin's lamp, and abstractions, fill this myriad - colored silk screen reproduction; in purple, orange, blue, yellow, black, green, red and dozens of shades of these colors. 16" high x 38" wide. *Special* **2.98**



P-938. FRANZ MARC: *TWO BLUE COLTS.* A beautifully silk-screened reproduction, duplicating the exact tones of blue in the horses, with black and gray outlines and yellow-green fronds against a rich creamy background. 18" high x 20" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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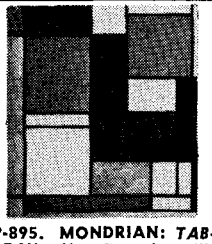
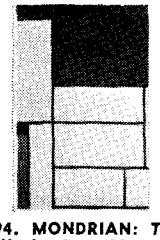


P-895. MONDRIAN: *TABLEAU II.* Superb silk screen duplicating the clear shades of red, yellow, blue, pale gray and beige. Original in a private European collection. 18" x 16" picture area. *Special* **2.98**



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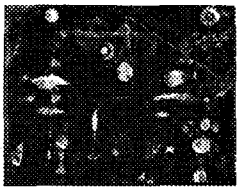

P-825. KLEE: FISH MAGIC. Tropical fish in pink, red, blue and yellow. Underwater flowers of blue, pink and red against a red and blue-grey background. Silk screen. 17" x 21¾". *Special* **3.95**

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P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet.
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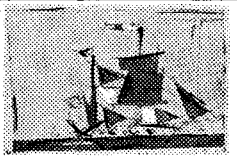
P-261. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: *BULL DANCERS.* A late Minoan frieze, dated about 1500 B.C., from the Palace at Knossos, depicting leapers or dancers in three positions of their intricate and deadly ritual cavorting with the sacred bull; a finely drawn, colorful work in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black, silk screened on rag paper. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **4.95**



P-262. FEININGER: *SHIP WITH BLACK SAILS.* The handsomely outlined sails glimmer with purple and charcoal against an orange-toned sky, the flags are blue and white and the hull of the ship is yellow. A fine silk-screen reproduction of this inspired cubist masterpiece. 18" high x 28" wide.
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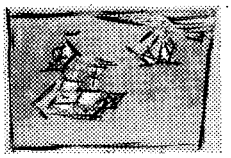

P-263. FEININGER: *RED SEA YELLOW SHIPS.* A sensitive seascape with fine linear detail by the popular cubist master, the red sea and yellow sails are set off by the blue and white flags against a gray sky. Silk screen. 18" high x 28" wide.
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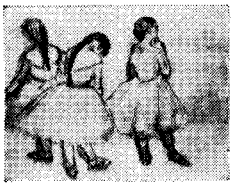

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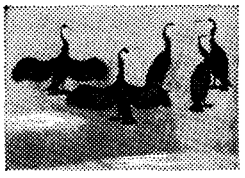

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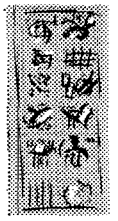

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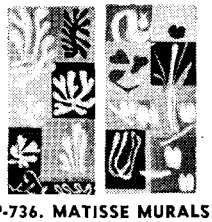

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THE FRATRICIDES. By Maurice Edelman. Random House. $4.95. (See page 30.)

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Books in the News

Continued from page 26

problems from a German perspective, it lacks his intellectual rigor and clarity, and it is more specific about concrete suggestions. Birrenbach, too, believes that only an Atlantic Community can successfully defend the free West, provide closer political cooperation, coordinate economic policies, promote cultural cooperation, and aid developing nations.

Birrenbach sees NATO as coordinating the defense policy of the Atlantic Community, and OECD as coordinating its economic, financial, trade, agricultural, and currency policies. The political fortunes of NATO will largely depend on how the control of nuclear weapons is settled. Birrenbach is skeptical of the value of a European nuclear deterrent, and is prepared to trust the strength of American resolution. But, he argues, military integration must extend beyond the command level to include standardization of weapons and the pooling of research and arms production.

Birrenbach is more optimistic than Herter about the role of OECD in leading to coordination of trade and development-aid policies, the expansion of international trade, and economic growth. He approves Monnet's idea for the pooling of at least part of Europe's monetary reserves; in his opinion, a regional European reserve center for a European federal reserve system could lead to an Atlantic monetary agreement. Differing from Herter, he doubts that the U.S. can presently develop a trade partnership and even join the Common Market, as Herter suggested in 1961, and believes that Atlantic developments must wait until the completion of political developments in Europe. But Birrenbach is reluctant to furnish any detailed speculation about the possible Atlantic confederation. In view of all this, his argument in the last chapter for the reunification of Germany comes like the Stendhalian pistol shot in a concert.

A German expatriate now living in London, George Lichtheim, has written a very thoughtful book, the internal logic of which is at times difficult to follow. The New Europe he discusses is one in which the nation-state is no longer the dominant political form and in which the traditional European balance of power has ceased to function. It is not Lichtheim's fault that the 1963 Franco-German pact has resurrected the possibility of old-fashioned hegemony in Europe. Like most of the other writers, he took for granted Britain's entry into the Common Market, a step he regarded as logical after England had finally stripped herself of the illusion of an Anglo-American partnership on equal terms.

Lichtheim concentrates on the economic condition of the European countries and those nations related to the Atlantic area, giving the political situation but cursory treatment. One is not surprised that the substructure rather than the superstructure of political systems has preoccupied the attention of the keen student of Marxism that he revealed himself to be in his last book, *Marxism: A Historical and Critical Study*.

Most interesting in *The New Europe: Today—and Tomorrow* is Mr. Lichtheim's discussion of the theoretical disputes on the nature of the Common Market, which are essentially conflicts between different conceptions of public policy. Some see the Treaty of Rome as a document of economic liberalism, with its insistence on competition and free trade, and its appeal to the business community; they regard it as a step toward an Atlantic and ultimately a world economy from which all protective tariffs have disappeared. Others, mainly Socialists, believe in a more purposive direction of economic life than mere trade liberalization. Planning, they say, is essential to resolve the conflicts between governmental policies that promote a high rate of economic growth as well as an adequate volume of exports, and programs that seek to maintain full employment, which keep wages and prices high. In addition, it is necessary to plan European agriculture and investments, to promote economic development in Southern Italy, and to break up cartels. The tension between these alternative concepts will greatly influence what ultimately happens to Europe. Lichtheim believes that the European Community is by nature *dirigiste*, or a directed economy, and that the Continent has not been made safe for *laissez-faire*.

In his examination of overseas relations, Lichtheim indicates a number of difficult problems: the incompatibility of free entry of Commonwealth products with the agricultural policy of the Six, the undesirability of Atlantic free trade unless it also aids the nonindustrialized countries, the nature of the aid given to the African nations and the possibility that it might lead to their fragmentation rather than co-

An Old Surprise

By Augustus Napier

WHY tell me the universe is expanding?
Friendships once an arm's length away
drift across continents, my faint
nebula, letter-thin. The group I put
together explodes into random noise, then scatters.
My papers and books escape, my lists break
apart. Who is that sudden stranger, my wife?
The voice on the tape recorder could not be me.

Why say it's all a wheel, happening over
and over: get up, sit down, speak, speak;
how many times have I said that? This eternal
curse, my wife. I'll never get to walk
the valleys of a vaulted ceiling, or sing Tristan.
My voice must whine here, and the accent fall,
and cold fingers must always fumble at the heart's
wet fire. The girl who walks past
my window is getting younger, walking backward
to her mother's womb where she will break in two
and cease. I am saying backward something I learned
last time, and it makes no sense but pain.

Wait. She turns to speak to someone, a stranger,
a young man asking direction. His face
is hidden, but hers I see. Sorry, she doesn't
know; perhaps she is new here too.
The day is of no season, grey and obscure,
his errand trivial, her face a passing thing.
Yet there is shining: each face a sun and each
a morning earth. He speaks to stranger, wife:
It has not happened before; it is creation.

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ordination, the danger of the political divisions in Africa hardening along the old colonial lines, the possible European neglect of Latin America and Asia, and the uniquely French concept of Eurafrica, of which many Germans do not approve. Lichtheim brilliantly disposes of the Moscow argument that the relationship between the West and its former colonies is one of neo-colonialism; the reverse may be true because of the enormous claims made on the West by the underdeveloped countries at a time when their primary products are less needed by the West than heretofore.

THOUGH Lichtheim is perhaps a little too fond of magisterial ex-cathedra pronouncements, he provides a stimulating discussion of the new social order in which the classical liberal and traditional Socialist conceptions of the state are both irrelevant. Some of us still sigh for terms like "Left" and "Right," by which we can get our political bearings. Lichtheim assures us it is no longer appropriate to talk of bourgeois societies, but rather of mixed economies with conflicting targets—full employment, high investment, equitable income distribution, democratic decision-making, and price stability. Alas, no one will be completely happy. If the mixed economy may be turning into a genuinely planned one, Socialists will not rejoice, for the political consequences of rule by an élite with technical functions and specialized knowledge will not be attractive to them.

Michael Shanks and John Lambert are two British financial journalists who are strong advocates of Britain's entry into the Common Market, and, in a sense they have written two books. Lambert details in a clear, exact fashion the institutional framework of the European Community, assessing its functions and common policies, its relations with other European and African nations, and the relations of the Community with various interested pressure groups. But Shanks provides the more stimulating part of *The Common Market: Today and Tomorrow* with his analysis of British relations with the rest of Europe, and his discussion of a European Community that would include Britain.

Of all the books considered here, the best short exposition of England's hesitation in joining the Community is by Mr. Shanks. His presentation of a Britain, victorious and unoccupied but financially exhausted at the end of World War II, a Labor government primarily concerned with internal reforms, a country clinging to the Anglo-American partnership while maintaining its Commonwealth and sterling connections, a country afraid of a united Catholic and possibly reactionary Europe is sympathetic but realistic. A member of the Fabian Society, Shanks is kinder to Labor than to the Conservatives; if the Attlee government was guilty of myopia towards Europe, the Churchill government, he asserts, can be accused of duplicity in helping to sabotage the European Defense Community and refusing to join the European Coal and Steel Community.

Shanks also shows the intransigeant opposition of France to the British free-

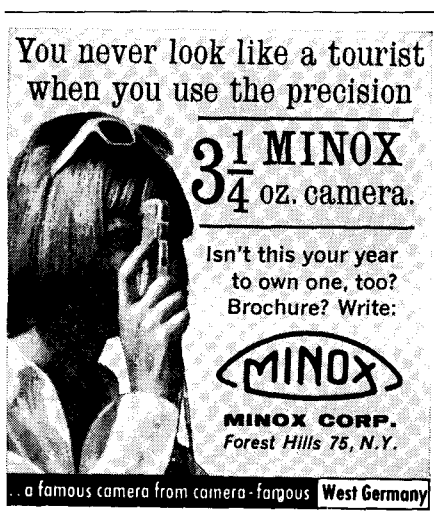
trade-area proposals in 1958, and would agree with Mayne that the European Free Trade Association was not only an uninspiring answer to the Common Market, but only succeeded in showing the strength and vitality of the latter. Unfortunately, analysis did not lead to prescience for, clearly, Shanks never assumed a resurgence of French intransigeance in 1963. Some of the results and benefits of British entry into Europe foreseen by Shanks are arguable. He thinks Britain can compete successfully as a member of the Community, though he recognizes there might be temporary difficulties, especially in the consumer industries. He asserts that Britain would strengthen Continental democracy by joining the European Parliament. But his argument that the Labor Party could build up the new Left is sadly dispelled by the current differences on major problems between the British party and the German Social Democrats. Furthermore, de Gaulle's enigmatic phrase "A Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals" and his concept of Eurafrica seem to have removed the necessity for Britain to remind Europe that its responsibilities do not stop at the Elbe or the Pyrenees.

Supporting Monnet's view, Shanks holds that a common reserve bank would lead toward greater integration or national financial policies. The Kennedy Administration will appreciate his analysis of the American dilemma, now that the vulnerability of U.S. export trade to the Community's tariffs has become apparent. Shanks approves the President's trade policy but argues that in return the EEC must respond liberally, through (1) tariff cuts, (2) lifting of quotas imposed on Asian producers, (3) generalizing the trade privileges given to the Africans associated with the Community, and (4) negotiation of international commodity agreements for the main Temperate Zone foodstuffs of the world.

IT is an axiom of politics that he who has the statement of a question will, generally speaking, have the decision of it. The supreme formulator of *pronunciamentos,* General de Gaulle, has tried to make a Europe in his image by his initiative in proposing political control through meetings of heads of governments rather than through strengthened supranational organizations, by his draft treaty for Europe presented as the basis of the 1961 talks of the Six, by his opposition to the merger of the three existing supranational executives, by his stand on agricultural prices, by his independent defense policy, and by his opposition to the entry into the Community of a Britain that substantially agrees with his conception of European development and agricultural policy. The lesson to be learned is clear. It is not enough to argue, as does Shanks, that time is on the side of the integrationists. The pervasive consciousness of unity in Europe is growing, but it is well to heed the warning of Ulysses:

> Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A forthcoming issue will carry reviews of three related books received too late for consideration by Professor Curtis in this essay: "Building the Atlantic World," by Robert Strausz-Hupé; "Partnership for Progress," by Pierre Uri, and "The United States and the Unity of Europe," by Max Beloff.*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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 11, 10, 10, 6, 1, 13, 5, 2, 4, 17, 14, 7, 8, 15, 12, 3, 16.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Pierre Boulez, Group of One

UNLIKE the members of a prior group of French composers who valued the intermediation of Jean Cocteau as propagandist and spokesman, Pierre Boulez requires no such assistance. This leader of contemporary French musical craftsmanship left no doubt of his ability to speak for himself in a recent lecture-recital at the Hunter College Playhouse whose subject—both ways—was his well-known, if still not much performed *Le Marteau sans Maître*.

If Boulez appeared the least bit uneasy, it was only during the introductory remarks of H. Wiley Hitchcock, chairman of the department of music of Hunter College. Certainly it was clear from Professor Hitchcock's reference to him as composer, conductor, writer, and lecturer that Boulez is something that the Russian "Five" or the French *Groupe des Six* never achieved: a group of one, complete with creative, recreative, and propagandist facilities. In his first function as the last of these, Boulez qualified as articulate (in English), entertaining, and with no trace of pomposity. Interspersed with his remarks were samples of the work to be performed, one of which prompted its composer to say (of its clearly Schoenbergian texture): "That is not an imitation of *Pierrot Lunaire* but an *hommage* . . .," a properly French distinction. At the end, he cited the injunction of Alban Berg to an audience which he had been addressing on *Wozzeck*: "Forget everything I have said and listen to the music."

I am quite willing to accept the allusion to *Pierrot Lunaire* as an *hommage*, and also to forget much of what Boulez said. But, in listening to the examples (and the complete performance that followed an intermission), I am compelled to remember something he did not mention. That was the name of Anton Webern. But the example of the third in the line of the last three great Viennese musicians strikes me as even more profoundly a motivation for Boulez than the two he did mention. I have in mind, particularly, the relationship of sound to silence in which, rather than the first predominating—as it has in music for eons—silence is the continuous factor and sound the interruption of it.

Boulez spoke at relative length (his nearly forty-minute discourse was, despite his stated disclaimer of such intent, longer by far than the music itself) of the scheme of the cycle. He outlined how three poems could be made into nine sections by a system of three times three, by setting the same poem more than once because he could see it in more than one aural context, and by veiled reference to something heard earlier so that "you recognize, but are not quite sure you recognize" its recurrence.

All this is well, and perhaps good. But what makes his treatment of the verses by Renée Char absorbing, interesting, perhaps even meaningful, is simple. Boulez has a musical impulse. He thinks in periods, or phrases, or perhaps no more than syllables cresting from one sound to another, which have contour, shape, and balance. As is the case with a great work by one of the masters to whom he made reference, Boulez's formulations communicate not because they fulfil the specifications he set forth in his talk, but because, like Berg's *Wozzeck*, they embody a poet's impulse, fervor, and sensibility.

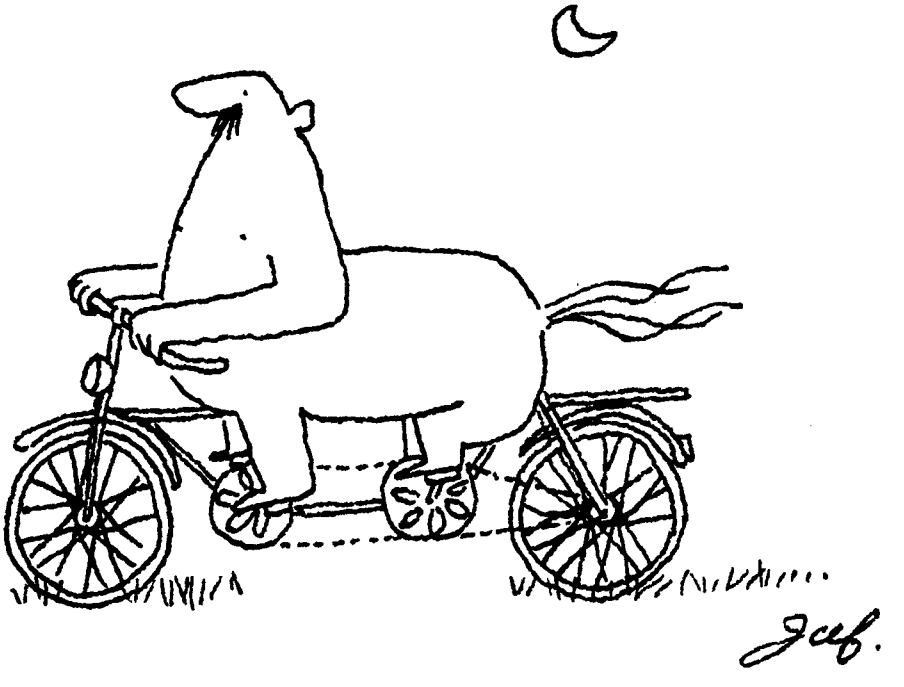
They would convey just as much, I think, in a less recondite instrumentation than the alto flute, viola, guitar, xylophone, vibraphone, and percussion he felt impelled to blend with the female voice, though this might put him in a renegade category which he is, apparently, not willing to assume as a representative of his "group."

At one point Boulez cited his desire not to confuse "*liberté* with *libertinage*" as a guiding principle which he could not formulate in English. A helpful translator might have suggested "liberty without license," for there was the suggestion throughout his musical discourse that he had availed himself of every tonal liberty without abusing his musical privileges licentiously.

When Boulez had finished speaking and the air had been cleared by an intermission, Bethany Beardslee and the ensemble conducted by Arthur Weisberg spoke even more eloquently on his behalf. As, in this kind of tone-by-tone musical ensemble, the individual instrumentalists bear as much responsibility as the nominal soloist, it should be mentioned that they were, every one, a virtuoso: Harvey Solberger, alto flute; Jacob Glick, viola; Stanley Silverman, guitar; Paul Price, vibraphone; Raymond Des Roches, xylophone; and Max Neuhaus, percussion.

The audience that nearly filled the intimate auditorium bore witness that a public exists for these enterprising events arranged by Norman Singer, administrator, and that it should grow in numbers before the promised appearance of Karlheinz Stockhausen, another group of one, from Germany next January. Whatever the temperature outside, it is sure to be warm inside.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Girls Upstairs

A MOOD of realism has been running through the better British films of the last few years, and *The L-Shaped Room*, just in from England, almost takes its place with such films as *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *A Taste of Honey*, and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, but not quite. The difference is one not only of degree but of kind. Bryan Forbes, the former actor who wrote for the screen and directed *The L-Shaped Room*, is more closely allied with the British film "establishment" than, say, Tony Richardson, and he is not, strictly speaking, either rebellious or angry. And although *The L-Shaped Room* has enough squalor to please any lover of film squalor, Mr. Forbes uses it rather than emphasizes it, and I suspect his main purpose is to tug at our heartstrings. Certainly in Leslie Caron, his star, he has one of the better heartstring tuggers of our time.

Miss Caron plays the role of a French girl from the provinces who has come to London in rebellion against her middle-class existence, has become pregnant, and takes a bug-infested attic room (L-shaped) in a dingy Notting Hill lodginghouse while deciding whether to abort or bear her child. In a tiny room next to hers, on the other side of a paper-thin wall, resides a Negro jazz musician; downstairs a flight lives a young, unsuccessful writer. On the ground floor lives Mavis, an old variety artist. And in the basement dwell two prostitutes, always ready for business. The landlady naturally charges all that the market will bear for available quarters, and the atmosphere is hardly calculated to cheer such a nice-girl-in-trouble.

But love, friendship, and kindliness manage to blossom here all the same. The many solid virtues of the film include some very good performances by Tom Bell as the writer, Brock Peters as the musician, Avis Bunnage as the rapacious landlady, and Cicely Courtneige as the old vaudevillian. There is a sharp bit, too, by Emlyn Williams, as a doctor in the business of abortion. The movie is fashionably "frank," ends not altogether conventionally, and while directed with great capability, does run a little slowly at times, usually when Leslie Caron is being most pathetic. *The L-Shaped Room* has pathos, charm, good characterization, and a reasonably realistic view of things, but it doesn't break through into any important area of significance, mainly because Mr. Forbes doesn't really take chances.

In *Hand in the Trap* that interesting Argentinian director, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, has another hothouse study of a young girl caught up in an oppressive atmosphere of tradition, pride, and sexuality. Others of his films released here were *End of Innocence*, and *Summerskin*, both based on stories (as this one is) by his wife, Beatriz Guido. Nilsson, if not avant-garde, is *au courant*, and he obviously keeps a watch on the work of Bergman, Antonioni, and others who dominate the "artistic" film scene. His own style has never struck me as completely set, perhaps because he works on extremely limited budgets. If not completely successful in obtaining the kind of evocative atmosphere needed for *Hand in the Trap*, however, he holds the attention with a tale of a convent-reared girl who spends a strange summer in a small town with her maiden aunts.

Upstairs there is a secret, and the discovery of that secret and the steps the girl takes lead subsequently to her entrapment in a sexual situation that will imprison her thenceforth. Mr. Nilsson's strokes are sometimes too obvious, and in seeking for a harsh resolution he strains credulity. The strength of the film lies in the performance of a young actress, Elsa Daniel, who manages a remarkable range with mostly solemn looks and stares and a brooding countenance. She's a girl of few words and is not enormously pretty, but Nilsson has rightly sensed her appeal on the screen.

In *The List of Adrian Messenger* John Huston occupies himself, about equally, with a suspense story and a study of fox hunting. Several stars appear in disguise in the story, a flimsy thriller that might better have been called *Guess Who?* But Mr. Huston seems to know his fox hunting; these scenes are done superbly. Samuel Bronston's *55 Days at Peking* was made in Spain, is loosely based on the Boxer Rebellion, stars Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and David Niven, and is an example of that new genre, the Eastern Western. Oddly enough, while made in Mr. Bronston's usual crude, expensive manner, the movie is rather difficult to understand. Some of the Chinese in it are good, some bad, some not so bad. And some of them look a little Spanish.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Seine Conclusions

PARIS.

AT Boston College's recent Centennial Conference on the American Theatre, it was suggested that the climate for creating "significant" plays was better in France than in New York. But whatever truth there may be in this assertion would certainly have to be qualified after looking at the current Paris theatre season.

To begin with, one is faced with the disconcerting fact that some of the most popular plays here include *The Little Foxes* with Simone Signoret and Suzanne Flon, *Arsenic and Old Lace* with Robert Lamoureux, *Sunday in New York* with the teen-agers' movie idol Jean-Claude Brialy, *A Far Country* with Curt Jurgens, *The Marriage-Go-Round, The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial,* and *The Glass Menagerie.* Furthermore, when one examines the repertoires of France's three leading state-subsidized repertory companies one finds mostly revivals of classics and dramas by such non-French writers as Spain's Ramon del Valle-Inclan, England's Robert Bolt, and Germany's Brecht. And three of the most impressive of this season's productions were Pirandello's *Eve and Line* with Edwige Feuillère, Antoine Bourseiller's staging of Brecht's *In the Jungle of Cities,* and Dürrenmatt's *Frank V.*

The most spectacular performance currently running in Paris is Robert Hirsch's Raskolnikov in the Comédie Française's four-hour rendition of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment.* M. Hirsch, whose amusing Scapin delighted New Yorkers when the Comédie Française visited America a couple of seasons back, now demonstrates his ability to portray a tragic role and establishes himself as a formidable competitor of Plummer, O'Toole, Finney, and Robards, the actors of this generation most capable of giving a wide range of large performances. M. Hirsch, who has the advantage of dance training, uses his whole body with incredible expressiveness. Whether he is just showing us the fever-stricken student lying immobilized in bed, walking with a terror-inhibited gait, or exploding into a frenzy in which he hammers himself against a table, we are aware of an instrumental range unmatched by any important actor within recent memory.

The finest female performance in Paris also comes in a classic. Catherine Sellers brings a modern introspective acting approach to the title role of Racine's *Andromaque* in Jean-Louis Barrault's tradition-breaking production. Miss Sellers evokes from deep inside her the total hopelessness of Hector's displaced widow so that she emanates a universal dramatic urgency.

Of France's corps of "significant" modern playwrights, only one, Eugène Ionesco, has been represented in Paris this year. M. Ionesco's *The King Dies* is no longer running, but will be seen in August at the Edinburgh Festival with Sir Alec Guinness in the title role. However, a second Ionesco piece, *The Pedestrian of the Air,* is still playing in the Barrault repertory, and while it has woeful dramatic shortcomings, it affords an opportunity for spectacular use of scenic effect and has more claim to significance than its apparent facetiousness suggests. The central character of this new dramatic essay is again Bérenger. But this time, M. Ionesco has not only represented Bérenger as himself in attitude, but also as himself in profession. He is now a playwright who has reached an impasse in his writing. While in real life this impasse seems to be afflicting Ionesco less than it is Anouilh (who has failed to write his annual play and instead turned to directing a revival of Vitrac's cynically comic fantasy, *Victor*), it is probably one that is felt at times by all playwrights. Bérenger states it in an interview with a journalist at the beginning of the play. He says that while he used to feel an inexplicable urge to write despite his fundamental intellectual nihilism, he now finds that this nihilism has invaded his very body. He recognizes that to state a truth that will be valid tomorrow is a kind of neurosis because it requires an unhealthy and unreasonable refusal to accept the apparent truths of one's day. He believes that for the theatre to present the real nightmare of our world it would have to become unbearably atrocious. And he realizes that this reality, which goes far beyond anything authors can describe, must be forgotten if we are to do anything at all in this world.

Just as Ionesco once invented an *anti-drame,* Bérenger now conjures up the *anti-monde,* which he can only define by saying, "There is no proof that it exists, but in thinking about it one keeps finding it in one's own thoughts." Fortified by this discovery, Bérenger finds that he is able to achieve an incredible new joyousness, and gradually can even levitate himself and fly. But Bérenger's flight crashes into a frighteningly apocalyptic vision, and he tumbles back to the real world. And when he sees how fearful everyone becomes at his description, he permits them to regard it all as a kind of artificial fireworks display, and to hope unrealistically for a better world.

OF THE other new French creations in Paris, the most notable are Bréal's bitter comedy about intolerance, *The Big Ear,* sparked by a patented Jacques Fabbri performance as a small-time seventeenth-century politician, and Robert Dhéry's new musical revue, *The Big Valise,* which stars comedian Louis de Funès as a harassed customs officer perplexed by a gigantic valise out of which emerges a chain of full-blown production numbers and surprise gags. And the French equivalent of Off-Broadway is presenting *The House of Bones,* a second amorphous play by last season's "discovery," Roland Dubillard.

The total picture would seem to indicate that there is much less public support of new playwrights in Paris than there is in New York, but perhaps because state subsidy makes possible the revival of so many classic plays by France's finest actors, it has been possible to maintain a more intellectual tradition into which literary writers can fit their work. —HENRY HEWES.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Balkans in Brief—1. Crna Gora and All That

DESPITE assurances of amity with the Kremlin and of closer ties with the Communist world of which it was at one time a renegade relative, the trappings of a people's-republic society—so familiar a pattern in Eastern Europe, and for all I know, in Communist Asia—are only barely visible in Yugoslavia. May Day may bring out the red bunting and the banners emblazoned with exhortations urging comrades to trudge gloriously onward and upward with the system, Tito may disappoint the West by his failure to censure Moscow for exploding A-bombs on the eve of the 1961 Belgrade conference of non-aligned nations, but the telltale Marx, the evidences of occlusion by Engelism are hard to find here in the home of the Serbs and the Croats, the Montenegrins, the Slovenes, Bosnians, and Macedonians.

So many travelers have taken a fancy to Yugoslavia that tourism has been elevated to the rank of a ministry, and now the campaign is all-out. The 46,000 Americans who came last year were still only the fifth largest national group to choose Yugoslavia for their holidays. On the other hand, they spent $6,108,000, or nearly five times as much as all those who came from Eastern Europe. Of the million and a quarter tourists here last year, only 73,000 were from the people's republics. Austrians, West Germans, and English filled the beds and the national treasury.

Jet airports have been built at Belgrade and Dubrovnik, and, surprisingly enough, JAT, the Yugoslavs' own airline, uses Caravelles to supplement its Convair fleet. Lately, in what is perhaps the most surprising evidence of the schizoid world in which Yugoslavia lives, landing rights in Belgrade were awarded to Pan American, the principal global U.S. flag line. Henceforth Belgrade will be a twice-a-week stopover on Pan Am's round-the-world service. The big jets will call here on the way from New York, London, and Frankfort and in the other direction from San Francisco, Teheran, Beirut, and Istanbul.

I was on board Pan Am's eastbound inaugural the other spring day when it slipped into the new airport at Belgrade almost at the same time as a twin clipper inbound from the Golden Gate by way of the Near East rolled up on an adjoining apron. I'm not sure what kind of a greeting the westbound people got, but our plane was smothered in Slavic well-wishers and the pilot himself was ushered grandly from the runway carrying a huge bouquet of butter-yellow jonquils in his arms. We were conducted through glass and marble halls to an upstairs lounge decorated with considerable taste and therefore notably free from the purple plush which Eastern Europe uses in public buildings as freely as formica on U.S. lunch counters. I was astonished to find Dan Schorr, CBS's Bonn-based correspondent, Margaret Carson Sherrod, whose husband is Editor-at-Large of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Paul Underwood, an Eastern European correspondent of the *New York Times*. All of them were in town to see either Tito or Dean Rusk, who was due in a day or two, or preferably both, but the show of the flag on a Communist tarmac was enough to bring them out from town for our arrival. Customs inspection was waived and we rolled into town in new buses.

WHILE the reverse is the rule in most Western cities—London and New York come quickly to mind—the approach to Belgrade is better than the actual arrival in midtown. Looking back on the airport as we drove down the highway, I thought immediately of Dulles. The sharp, clean, and rather rakish lines rose out of soft, flowing meadows the way Saarinen's structure soars from the billowing plains around Chantilly. As you roll in on the new highway, the first buildings you see are tall and unfettered. They are not grand, perhaps, but neither do they follow the elephantine school of postwar Soviet architecture.

Although it is the capital of Serbia, one of the six republics of Yugoslavia, as well as the national capital, Belgrade is a city of little architectural achievement or beauty, natural or contrived. Nor does it begin to give any portent of the stunning spas, resorts, watering places, ancient ruins, incredible vistas, that await in the provinces. From this national seat, with better than half a million in population, Belgrade commands the affairs of 18,500,000 citizens, who inhabit, besides Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina (with its celebrated capital of Sarajevo), Slovenia, Macedonia, and Montenegro. Belgrade, while walking the high wire and teetering now toward the West and then toward the East, must also watch its borders where its various republics look across the barriers to Italy, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania—a nation which in the Albanian language, I thought you might want to know, is called Shqiperija. Well, in Moscow it is probably called worse.

Pan American's contract with the Yugoslavs calls not merely for regular jet service to Belgrade, but for the operation by Intercontinental Hotels, the airline's subsidiary innkeeping operation, of a new hotel in the Croatian capital of Zagreb. I'm not sure I understand why Pan Am decided to go into Zagreb, unless the Yugoslavs were eager to spread capitalist cash among the principal republics, for it is in Belgrade that a hotel is really needed. The Metropol is the best, but only by default, for it is a dreary establishment with tiny rooms and sketchy service, and was originally planned as a youth center. Only the presence of a British movie company making a film about Vikings—I shall not begin to explain why Viking exploits are being filmed in a studio in Serbia—gave it a dash of color, the bright red beards of the bit players lending a certain *élan* to the dining room each morning. The principals, by reason of rank, were given beards by the makeup department each day and thus were not obliged to live with them in off hours.

The Tourist Association of Yugoslavia celebrated the arrival of Pan American's first plane from New York with a dinner party in one of the Metropol's private rooms. The guests were seated at one table that was so long and so carefully laid with ferns and set with so many glasses that the lady at my elbow, who had been on board the first plane, too, was moved to remark that

YUGOSLAVIA—NEW FIND

The castle-crested islands, top right, float in the Bay of Kotor on the Dalmatian coast not far from Cilipi, two of whose ladies in Sunday dress parade in the inset. The broad beach sweeping out to the crowded isle, center, is Sveti Stefan. Gateway to the coast is Titograd, whose new hotel, the Crna Gora, appears at lower left. The broad boulevards, right center, are part of Belgrade, which has opened a new jet terminal, lower right, rather reminiscent of Dulles.

Credits: Kotor and Cilipi from Angelo Lomeo (Nancy Palmer). All others from Yugoslavia State Tourist Office.

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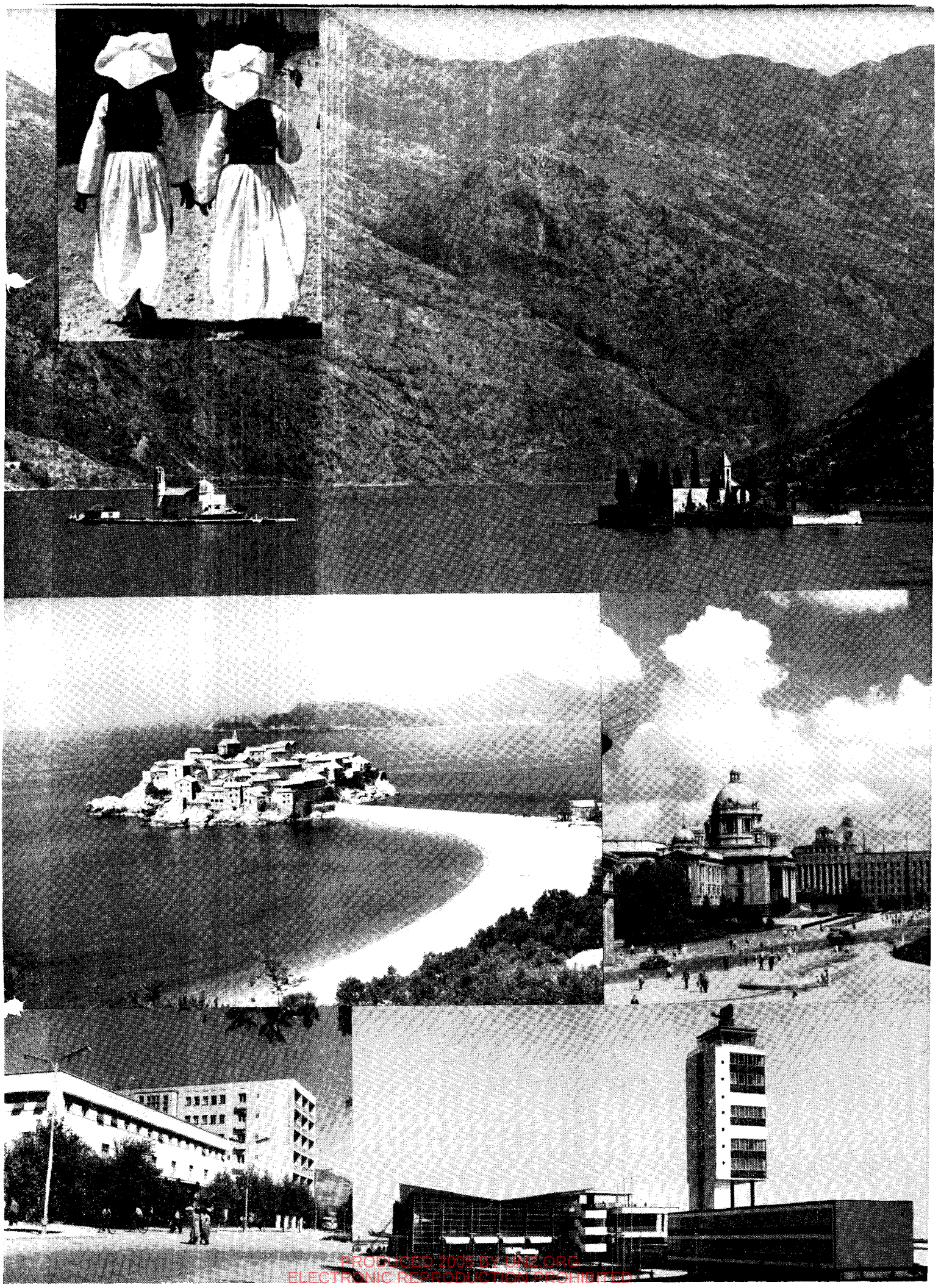

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SLOANE

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it all looked to her like a *bar mitzvah* in the Bronx.

I had lunch one day in the Majestic, a hotel with an attractive center court, vaguely, and I do mean vaguely, reminiscent of the Palace in San Francisco. The newest hotel in town is the Slavija, and although it occupies a tall and modern building it is not an achievement of which the Yugoslavs seem particularly proud. It was built as a low-cost operation for business travelers on budgets, but I found it neat and workable with an attractive restaurant on the second floor, and the price was right—$6.75 a day. For all that, it is not even listed among suggested hotels in the official booklet on Serbia printed for English and American consumption.

IT was with little regret that I drove out of Belgrade en route to the airport again, this time to fly off to Titograd in the Republic of Montenegro, which in the local tongue is called Crna Gora and which once, not very long ago, had a king. Once known as Podgorica, the city now called Titograd is the capital of Montenegro, a mountainous enclave that raises sheep and goats and spent 500 years of its history fighting off the Turks. When the Sultan overran neighboring Serbia, Montenegro became a haven for the Serbian princes. It was all an inspiration to Tennyson, who wrote:

> They kept their faith, their freedom and their height
> Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night
> Against the Turk.

Bombed no less than sixty-two times during World War II, and not only renamed but remade, Titograd is a new city with a new and passably modern hotel called, with little regard to Western difficulties with consonantal diphthongs, the Crna Gora. Only twenty miles from the Adriatic, Titograd is a gateway to the glories of the Adriatic Coast, and a new road, now finished in segments, will run its length from the northern boundaries clear to Greece. Perhaps the most unusual of all is Sveti Stefan, a tiny fortress city built atop the rockbound reefs more than five centuries ago. According to legend, the Turks in the fifteenth century were trying to take Kotor, a town at the head of a fiord just north of here. When the attack was stalemated, the Turks left a token force aboard their ships and departed for other conquests. The Pastrovic tribe captured the ships and their gold and with this fortune built their island fort with its fishermen's village inside. It survived until the end of World War II when some imaginative soul in the new Yugoslav government decided to transform the entire island, with all its thirty-six stone houses, into a hotel.

On the outside, Sveti Stefan is a maze of battlements, old stone houses, miniature piazzas, tiny chapels, and narrow alleys, all of them dating from the fifteenth century. Inside the ancient walls there are 116 hotel apartments with modern plumbing and handsome appointments, perhaps the best I saw in all of Yugoslavia. Some suites open on terraces that look to the sea; others gaze back toward the mainland, to the Hotel Milocer, which before the war was the royal summer residence of Queen Maria. A brilliant terrace reminiscent of Cap d'Antibes or some elegant Italian watering hole has been added for outdoor dining. The rates, much as you will have a hard time believing them, begin at $4.80 a day for all months except July and August, when the scale goes up a snappy $1.25. I might add that the fare includes an English breakfast, which is to say bacon and eggs, and for one more $1.25 they'll add dinner, too. As for lunch, one can find it at the end of the short causeway that connects Sveti Stefan with the mainland. A small bistro under the pines attends the needs of bathers who come to swim on the twin sand beaches which unfold, fanlike, on either side of the causeway.

The dazzling beauties of the coastline were appreciated by Queen Maria as early as the 1930s when she commissioned the building of the summer residence at the very brink of an Adriatic beach. As the Hotel Milocer, the queenly villa has kept its brilliant staircase, down which titled heads once made royal entrances. Paying visitors can dine in the pergola where the Chinese wistaria drips in lavender globs from the trellises, and Sveti Stefan, huddled on its sunswept island, floats there in the blue so fancifully it is hard to believe. A seaside walk paved with beige pebbles and marked by scattered cypresses and odd benches girdles the Milocer, and the queen's gardens still burgeon on the grounds of the estate.

Along the littoral, the beaches are shared with workers' vacation hotels that belong to state enterprises, but there is room for campers, too. The boats from the north, from Dubrovnik, Split, and Rijeka, steam into Budva, a tiny settlement that still remains walled, as it has been ever since the thirteenth century. There are still only two entrances, the port and the town gate. Naturally it has become a tourist's delight, especially among the English and the Germans who flock to the Hotel Avala just across from the portal. Cafés have sprung up on the cobbled streets

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and little ice cream parlors offer a variety of flavors, among then *vanija, cokolada, kava, citrona, leshjak, malina, lagoda* and *punc.* The Catholic Church faces the Orthodox Church, but the fortress which remains from Roman times is a hulk over all. The tourist ministry appreciates the possibilities of Budva, which could easily become St. Paul de Vence, and there are some plans for making a hotel and restaurant inside the ramparts. It is being used as a temporary barracks for workmen who are rushing to complete a 300-bed addition on the heights above the Avala. The Germans and the English, who together make up 90 per cent of the clientele, get by here for less than $7 a day, everything included, but the Bungalow Hotel offers double rooms in a dozen big houses at less than $5.50 a day. And it's 20 per cent less than that if you come before July or after August.

In summer the boats run each day from Rijeka in Istria down the island-scattered coast that waits, as the Greek islands waited so long, for their day of glory. It takes twenty-four hours to come down from Rijeka to Ulcinj almost at the edge of the Albanian border, but the ships have cabins and a restaurant and the passage will cost $9 in first class, $5.75 in tourist, plus a cabin and about $3 for three meals. Budva to Dubrovnik by fast boat takes three and a half hours, and while the sea route seemed enticing, the schedule was not yet in full operation and I took off by comfortable Chevrolet one Sunday morning heading northward along the edge of Dalmatia.

At Budva the road leaves the coast and churns into the mountains that rise abruptly out of the sea. I had once seen the Bay of Kotor from the deck of an American Export Lines ship that had threaded its way in from the sea as ships have done for centuries, and, while it awed me then, it scarcely compared to the view when the road makes its first turn down toward the town nestled so snugly at the head of the fiord. The stone mountains rise above it like canyons, and atop them runs the crumbling spine of the old walls that failed to hold out the invaders, either Turk or Venetian. Called the Boka Kotorska by the Yugoslavs and the Bocche di Cattaro by the Italians, Kotor winds back 100 years in its maritime history. Its maritime school trained the cadets of Peter the Great, and when Austria had a navy a big base bustled here. The number of sailors on the road indicate that the historical importance of this naval center hasn't been lost on the Yugoslavs, either. What other naval works are secreted in the inlets along the Adriatic one can only surmise. There was even one report, whispered in my ear, that the Russians maintain a great submarine base in Albania and that the differences between Hoxha and Khrushchev are a contrived hostility to throw people off the scent

We skimmed the fringe of the bay where fishermen now and then mended a net, but it was Sunday and the boats were tied up neatly at their moorings, each inside a hand-built stone breakwater. The sea was a silver bosom, heaving ever so slightly with each billowing breath. Two islets anchored out there in the middle of this mercury pool seemed to us, who were hardly a handful of days out of New York, to be the pluperfect of tranquility. At Kamenari we took the ferry, a barge, powered by a motorboat which, however primitive, took us across the bay and cut twenty miles from our route.

ON the far side we rattled the windows of a tiny buffet and the owner obligingly came out and opened for business. The place was soon swarming with townfolk who, I suspect, were less in need of a beer than eager to inspect the troupe of Americans. We bought salami and spiced pork, cheese and bread, and canned orange juice from Israel, and when we arrived in Cilipi, a tiny crossroads celebrated for its costumed citizens, we spread lunch on an old stone table in a square in front of the Orthodox Church. A wandering entrepreneur with dreams of Vegas had set up a wheel of chance, offering dusty beads and rusty knives as prizes. Across the road the village braves had shucked their coats and were tossing a rock in a Sunday shotput contest. The salami had the unmistakable tang of the Balkans and the wine from the tavern was heavy. I fell back on the stone wall and looked up at the pattern of leaves against the sky and at four o'clock the bells rang and the ladies filtered from their houses in their fanciful costumes on their way to church.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Last Stand

By Keith Jennison

WHEN the alarm came
He saddled up his fence,
Took the bit in his teeth
And mounted.
Closing his eyes
He put his ear to the ground
And waited, trembling, for the sound
Of the approaching windmills.

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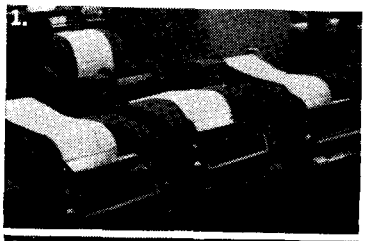

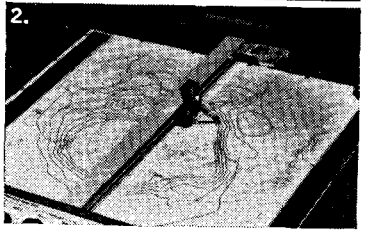

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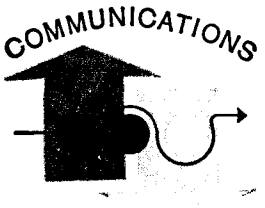
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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And Now a Word from Our Newscaster

THE SAD departure last month of Newton N. Minow as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission came at a time when we were beginning to wonder whether Mr. Minow, the FCC, the television networks, or one of those mysterious advertising genie that control the money strings had not made a sudden if unannounced change in the rules—official or unofficial—regarding commercials on TV newscasts. We were well into our inquiry as to why more and more newscasters seemed to be personally involved in the business end of the commercial message when Mr. Minow quit and E. William Henry took his place at the helm of the federal agency that licenses all radio and TV stations in this country.

From such a majestic podium, Mr. Minow made early headlines when he jolted the powerful industry two years ago by terming it a "vast wasteland." Whether Mr. Henry, who is known to share some of Minow's views, will find as dramatic a way of stating his case against mediocrity and bad taste on the electronic screen remains for the months to show. He has a clear field ahead of him if he wishes to score with the American public by condemning the recent trend toward commercial-announcement-by-newscasters, a development apparent to anyone who has recently listened and watched news broadcasts carefully.

During the newspaper strike, when there was almost no other way of keeping up with the day's headlines, we did just that for a period of almost five months. We had not watched or listened to news as meticulously as we should have for quite a spell prior to the strike period, so we were immediately struck by a startling increase in the number of times the man who gave the news over radio or TV also mentioned the name of the commercial product or sponsor. Whereas for a time it had been fashionable for newscasters to dissociate themselves from specific advertising and simply use the generic lead-in ". . . and now a word from our sponsor," the habit now, and it is an alarming one, is for the man reading the news to mention a product or sponsor specifically, almost always by name and often with an endorsement of his own.

Walter Cronkite, one of the finest newscasters in the business, said something like this on CBS the other night: "And now a word from Brand X, the pushbutton window spray." This specific commercial plug by Cronkite-the-newscaster happened to come immediately after a heart-rending interview with a tearful woman in the depths of personal tragedy. Not only was Mr. Cronkite's commercial message in bad taste immediately following this sort of news spot, but it must have made thinking people wonder just how impartial CBS News is after all. We thought perhaps this was an exception, possibly forced on Mr. Cronkite by one insistent and affluent advertiser. But no. The following night Mr. Cronkite broke into our train of thought on the Cuban crisis with this sudden announcement: "And now a word from Anacin."

We believe it wrong that newsmen in radio and television should give commercial messages themselves. Nothing is more disconcerting than to hear (and see) a reputable newscaster endorse a specific commercial prod-

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uct in the context of the tragic and vital news everywhere about us these days. One cannot shake the feeling when hearing the Cronkites of TV and radio name a specific product, however quickly, that they are somehow involved in the endorsement of this product and that their capacity as unbiased newscasters has somehow been profoundly shaken. To reduce this kind of nonsense to total absurdity, let's imagine that Walter Lippmann is writing his newspaper column and it comes out something like this: "It will be a mistake, however, if we concentrate our whole attention on foreign policy. There is a serious problem in the relations between Canada and the United States which is not referred to in the Hyannis Port communiqué. It broods all over our relations. It is a problem—but now a word from Lucy's Little Liver Pills."

WE have inquired at the FCC, on Madison Avenue, and at all three networks, and we are told that there is no FCC or industry rule in regard to newscasters giving the commercials. The commonly accepted practice had been to have another voice give the commercials, and with television's extensive use of visual advertising this made sense, even to the advertiser. But all three networks admit to recently increasing pressures from Madison Avenue to have the newscaster mention their products by name, even if only by way of a bridge or introduction to the filmed commerical spot. Other advertisers are insistent that product signs identifying the sponsor with the newscaster be clearly visible during the newscast itself. Some go so far as to insist that their company or product be incorporated in the title of the news package. And there are few radio newscasters indeed who do not, in one way or another, give part of the commercial message themselves.

We had thought that close identification of sponsor and newscaster had gone out the window during Gabriel Heatter's heyday when, in the same mellifluous voice with which he read his news script, Mr. Heatter would launch uninterrupted into an emotional appeal for his sponsor's product. We hope Heatterism isn't on its way back, but from what we have seen and heard lately we suspect it is, this time in a more obnoxious form than ever, coming now in sight as well as sound. Surely there is some better bridge between the serious news of the night and the product that helps pay for it than a professional newsman's naïvely and suddenly expressed, "And now a word from Debby's Dainty Dolly Doilies."

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

IS PAY THE ONLY ANSWER?

RICHARD L. TOBIN in "The Newspapers Finally Face a Fact" [*SR*, May 11] questions why young people are not entering journalism and commends publishers for their campaign to attract students. He also discusses the pleasures of life on a newspaper.

There is only one reason people don't want to work on papers—low pay. In New York, men with five to forty years' experience are making a top minimum pay of $175, and in many other cities no more than $150—while constantly being told by publishers how important they are, how much judgment they must use, etc. (Some men, notably on the *New York Times*, do earn more, but they are an extremely small percentage of the editorial staffs.) If the publishers believe what they say, journalists are worth more. And even if not, the men still deserve more, in this day, for a job requiring considerable skill under pressure.

Editorial pay is one of the smallest expenditures a publisher has; raising all pay 20 per cent would mean almost nothing to publishers (it wouldn't mean much to newspapermen, either). Furthermore, staffs have shrunk through the years, as publishers rely increasingly on wire services.

As the wife of an ex-newspaperman and the daughter of a managing editor (who maintained that veteran reporters should be as highly paid as he was, since they were equally skilled and valuable), I suggest a newspaper job is fine for a few years, in the same way working your way around the world after college might be. However, as long as publishers keep to the present wage scales, they are riding on "glamour" and "excitement"—which don't pay the orthodontist. Booklets won't help recruit good men.

CHARLOTTE ROSE.
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

"THE NEWSPAPERS FINALLY FACE A FACT" was unusually pleasant reading—a veritable oasis in the barren world of academic journalism. I particularly like the last paragraph.

W. C. CLARK, Dean,
School of Journalism,
Syracuse University.
Syracuse, N.Y.

THAT WAS A MIGHTY GOOD piece Richard L. Tobin wrote, pinpointing the troubles of newspapers. I salute him—and give three direct-by-mail cheers!

As an old newspaperman, I rejoice in forthright criticism of the dollar-fogged mind; the lack of perception, talent, and dreams in the publishing noodle.

It used to be, in the long-ago days, that a newspaper was the product of *editorial* genius and direction. This was the source of the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the zeal of the supporting cast of assistant editors, reporters, correspondents. In those days, it was the editor, not the custodian of the bankroll, who ran the paper. Logically, the paper built up circulation according to its prestige; logically, too, it attracted advertising for its sales-provocative value.

Nowadays too many newspapers are only advertising money-grabbers; copy is surrounded by a minimum of drab, colorless news. The business "prospers" by mergers and sales-down-the-river.

LOUIS SEABER.
New Canaan, Conn.

THE EFFORTS OF PUBLISHERS to keep and attract good men to newspaper work are praiseworthy, but it seems to me that they will have to go further to succeed. They will have to come up with salaries consistent with the excellence they say they want in their men, and they must, when such men are found, allow them to use their talents.

I have seen a number of good newsmen quit for other fields either because the salaries are too low to support a family comfortably or, far more frequently, because the talents that make them of great value to newspapers are worth more money to other employers. Some good men stay with newspapers in spite of the pay, it's true, but they are becoming rarer every year.

And I have seen other good—or rather, excellent—men quit because they can no longer put up with the mediocrity that is imposed on them daily by executives who say one thing in a public national forum and then do another when they get back home. These newsmen want to do something worthwhile, creative, and satisfying. On too many newspapers, they are not given a chance. Again, some stay, settling for the "realistic" version of what they think newspapering should be. But again, the exceptions are becoming harder to find.

Recruiting good or excellent young men will not be enough unless newspapers find a way to keep them, and the ones they've got.

CHRISTOPHER R. CAREY.
Louisville, Ky.

CHRONICLE FOR EXAMINER

JOHN TEBBEL, in his article "They Never Left Home" [*SR*, May 11], seems to imply that the columns by Mr. Herb Caen and/or Mr. Stan Delaplane appear in the San Francisco *Examiner*. I certainly endorse Mr. Tebbel's right to describe the *Exam-*

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tner as a giant, although I would disagree with him, but I think it is only fair for me to mention that Mr. Caen and Mr. Delaplane are both members of the *Chronicle* staff and have no relationship whatsoever with the *Examiner*. Other than this minor aside, I found your current issue of *SR* as interesting as ever.

Scott Newhall,
Executive Editor,
San Francisco *Chronicle*.

San Francisco, Calif.

THERE IS ANOTHER hometown Kansas journalist of the same stature as Ed Howe and William Allen White. He is, as every informed Jayhawker knows, J. P. Harris, publisher of the Hutchinson *News*, the only large paper in the state that dared endorse J. F. Kennedy for the presidency in 1960, and one of the few papers in the United States with a circulation totaling more than the population of the city in which it is published.

In Kansas, where daily editorial comment has become, for the most part, a vast wasteland of malicious attack upon foreign aid, the Peace Corps, Social Security, Harvard University, minimum security prisons, Franklin Roosevelt, the Securities Exchange Commission, Nelson Rockefeller, the Federal Aeronautics Administration, Chief Justice Earl Warren, New York City, *La Dolce Vita*, the AFL-CIO, living wages for educators, urban renewal, and the United Nations, it is a positive pleasure to be able to discover the positive side of things on Mr. Harris's editorial page.

On that page, too, are Mr. Harris's prolific, perceptive, and profound comments concerning the stream of American life. Such as: "Persons who spread welcome mats before their front doors don't really want the whole world to come in. They just can't think of any other place to hide their front door keys."

LAWRENCE PRATT,
University of Missouri.

Columbia, Mo.

HER FATHER'S PICTURE

EAGERLY I SEARCHED the picture of Columbia School of Journalism's all-star class [*SR*, Mar. 9] for the face of the father I never knew. With a pang I found him —"unidentified." There he stands in the last row, between Palmer Smith and Leon Wickersham. He was Wayne Paige Wellman and he died in Los Angeles, California, aged twenty-seven, when I was six months old. Having embarked on his journalism career just a few weeks before, he did not have time to become great in his field. But he had greatness of spirit. I would appreciate it if, for future reproduction of the photograph, his identity could be restored to him.

GRETCHEN WELLMAN HOHAG.

Barcelona, Spain

APPLAUSE FOR SHAYON

I HAVE JUST READ Robert Lewis Shayon's article, "Ethics for 'Tonight'" [*SR*, May 11], and want to tell you how pleased I was to see that someone has finally—and publicly—defended Howard Taubman in connection with David Merrick's recent appearance on a *Tonight* show.

It was shameful the way Mr. Merrick was allowed to castigate Mr. Taubman, without anyone stepping in to "rebut" his remarks. Of course the audience thought it all very funny, but had I been in Mr. Taubman's place, I think that I would have had my attorney start suit against Mr. Merrick immediately. You mentioned that Mr. Merrick sent Mr. Taubman a private note of apology, but that did not erase the effects of the criticism that had been heaped upon him.

Mr. Merrick is so smug that one could easily make derogatory remarks about him, but I will refrain from doing so, and just wanted to thank you for being interested enough in the basic situation to write about it.

ELEANOR B. BEAN.

Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. GIRDLER'S CORPORATE REPORTS

WHEN REYNOLDS GIRDLER recently expressed sympathy for the weary postmen who deliver the 18,000,000 copies of corporate reports ["18,000,000 Books Nobody Reads," *SR*, Apr. 13] I'm sure he was thinking of the postman first. Whatever the Opinion Research Corporation has learned about the 37 per cent who never read the reports, the 63 per cent who study them are certainly entitled to every bit of information they can get. As an investor, I often write for further details. If, as you say, the annual reports has been swerved from its course, in my opinion the change is commendable. The stockholder is surely entitled to all the facts. It is false economy to curtail this information for the guidance of the investor, as well as those who work for the corporation.

CHARLES STEINER.

New York, N.Y.

PHILADELPHIA D.A. REPLIES

I READ WITH avid interest your editorial "Do Newsmen Have Special Rights in Court?" [*SR*, Apr. 13]. With all the controversy this issue has engendered in the press, I am amazed that no one has taken the time to inquire of my office about the facts surrounding the contempt citation. I am writing this letter to you because of the respect I have formed for your publication as a regular reader.

There has been absolutely no attempt by anyone to force the Philadelphia *Bulletin* to disclose any sources of their information. Despite the fact that this newspaper has, on the one hand, claimed exclusive and extensive knowledge of corruption in our city and, on the other, completely denied any "first-hand knowledge" of any wrongdoing in their traditional and Constitutional rights of freedom to gather, report, and editorialize news as they see it has never been questioned.

For reasons best known to itself, the *Bulletin* embarked on a campaign of investigation that culminated in the lavish interrogation of a former employee of City Council. These interviews were conducted at a time when my office was also seeking information from this same individual, and we were bluntly told by the subject that he had given information to the *Bulletin*

(*Continued on page* 60)

"First of all, who do you know at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith?"

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JOURNALISM'S CHALLENGE AND ANSWERS

By JOHN TEBBEL

BURIED or ignored in the grist of spring news were some of the sharpest challenges to newspaper journalism the business has heard in years, and some of the best-informed answers to those challenges.

This stimulating intellectual exercise achieved neither large headlines nor much space, partly because it coincided with the annual meetings of publishers and editors, at which the usual rhetoric about managed news and freedom of information was treated as though it were the freshest of news. The exercise was also buried because the largest part of the newspaper business does not feel itself challenged except by big government and big labor. For the rest, it thinks of itself as doing, in general, extremely well.

That comfortable assumption was attacked with considerable vigor and intelligence by a mixed bag of observers at a Columbia University forum, part of the School of Journalism's fiftieth anniversary observance. These observers, who would no doubt be considered by the business as outside agitators, included the Columbia philosopher Charles Frankel; a Nobel Prize-winning physicist, Polykarp Kusch; the noted anthropologist Margaret Mead; and Leo Rosten, author and political scientist. Their moderator was Columbia's President Grayson Kirk.

Frankel set the tone of the meeting, which had been labeled "Challenges to Journalism in a Space-Age Democracy," by defining journalism's three basic problems. First, he said, there was an overwhelming acceleration in the pace of events. Second, in reaction, there was "a despairing sense that the job of journalism cannot be done and events are outrunning the human capacity to understand them." Finally, he concluded, was the fact that journalism not only reports history but makes it.

Not unnaturally, Frankel urged that journalism must become more philosophical, learning "to distinguish between surface events and significant changes under the surface—between appearances and realities." That could be done, he said, if journalism had a philosophy of history, "a controlling conception of the major values and alternatives of society.

"Decisions are being made today by specialists," philosopher Frankel went on, "and newspapers ought to help develop satellite publics," that is, laymen reasonably informed and competent to criticize one group of specialists. Frankel thought it impossible for the general public to be a relevant and informed critic in many areas, which is the traditional theory underlying the transmission of news today.

Kusch, a humanistic kind of physicist, was ready to concede that the job of the mass media was to inform the people of the changes in a fast-changing world, but he deplored the "continuing sense of crisis" resulting from "a reportorial habit of seeing crisis everywhere." In fact, he observed dryly, "the journalistic belief in crisis may . . . create crisis." Physicist agreed with philosopher that democracy would be better served if news events were described in the flow of history, rather than as isolated crises.

"The important challenge to journalism may be to devise a way to give all men a sense of the continuity of all human experience," Kusch said. "This sense of continuity is the means of making a rational interpretation of current events."

Margaret Mead found fault with the technique of news presentation. Journalists, she said, must find a way to "stop boring us to death by telling us the same thing every day. . . . They call this sort of thing background, and they use it as news when there is no news." The press, Miss Mead argued, "must not fabricate, create images, or make news that is not there. It must relate us to the news, giving us an ability to handle our civic lives and a relationship to the history that made us a civilized people."

Of the panelists, Rosten took the gloomiest view. It was his opinion that society had not taught its members "to use their language with ordinary clarity or to recognize the *non sequitur*." Rosten found that the most distressing part of journalism "and of life" was the "barrage of *non sequiturs* or crimes in ordinary reasoning" it contains. The thing most wrong with the mass media, he declared, is the masses.

Developing a full-scale indictment, Rosten charged that "the reporting done today is not reporting, but an indiscriminate transmission of data, much of it irrelevant. It would be better to have clear and biased reporting than unclear and neutral reporting." It is easy, he went on, to find out from a newspaper what the baseball scores are, or the stock quotations, or the temperature—all requiring only the transmission of data—but in other kinds of communication "a great deal of ambiguity is common."

"The problems of change and complexity," Rosten concluded, "demand of the journalist a maintenance of freedom from the crippling effects of what he has been taught. We see only what we have been taught is there to be seen; we understand only what we have been taught to understand. The journalist must develop an unlimited imagination and the ability to see what is there. The journalist has to invent the new tools with which to play the mental game of trying to bring order into a reality that is not very orderly."

IF these observations seemed too remote and theoretical for some of the older journalistic hands present, they were invited to come back five nights later to hear "Journalism's Answers to Today's Challenges" from five professional journalists: Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize-winning publisher of a newspaper in Greenville, Mississippi; Max Lerner, columnist and author; Marya Mannes, author, critic, and poet; Michael J. Ogden, executive editor of the Providence *Journal-Bulletin;* and Eric Sevareid, the television commentator and newspaper columnist. This time the moderator was Dean Edward W. Barrett of the School of Journalism.

Oddly, the defenders were less in agreement among themselves than the critics. Hodding Carter, whose newspaper has been a courageous bright spot in Mississippi's segregationist press, remarked modestly that his paper was nothing like the *New York Times,* but that its secondary role was nonetheless important because it is a home-town paper that shares readership with the nearest metropolitan daily—the customary pattern of the small-town press.

"We reflect as in a mirror, we small newspapers," Carter said, "the image of our communities, and comment on the beauties or the blemishes that our mirror reflects. Our role actually will

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be little changed in the space age. . . . I might point out that much of the responsibility for informing the American people, especially in the small towns, is now in the laps of the press associations, because it is only through them that we get coverage of events beyond our immediate borders."

Carter saw a challenge in the trend to monopoly ("not unwholesome in any greater degree than it's wholesome"), but surmised that only through "bigness" could newspapers find the funds needed to employ the talent necessary to interpret our times. The press, he concluded, has certain obligations that "add up to a credo and a virtual necessity: to make men proud; to make men ashamed; to make men think; to make men question; to help keep men informed; and to help keep men free."

Picking up this credo where Carter had dropped it, Lerner observed that in his opinion the American press had fallen "very considerably short" of measuring up to what these standards demanded.

"We're living in a period when the City of Man today is a besieged city, a beleaguered city, when the republic of ideas has become part of the campaign of history in the defense of that city, and when the journalistic profession, the press, ought to be part of that republic of ideas, and is not."

Lerner, in brief, agreed substantially with the critics of the press the week before, and was not prepared to defend journalism. He saw the "contempt for ideas," which is widespread in American life, as rising at least partially from the fact that in the press people found nothing "to teach them, to convey to them a sense of the meaning, the dignity of ideas, a sense of how the events that happen around them are the end product of a long historic sequence."

Concentrating her fire on magazines, Marya Mannes gave them credit for dealing in the interplay of ideas because they were not bound to "instant reactions, which are becoming less and less feasible in this complicated world." As for the remainder of the press, she thought there was far to much emphasis on managed news and too little on "managed publishing, managed writing, and managed thinking." Journalists, she said, were inclined to take all the freedom for themselves and not allot some to other people.

But the press found an uncompromising defender in Michael Ogden, the Providence newspaper executive who had just been elected treasurer of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He began by denying that there was any such animal as "the press," but rather "a number of excellent newspapers, a great many good ones, and a horde of ordinary ones, and a few that shouldn't be listed as newspapers except that they come out daily on newsprint." However, he went on, there were more good newspapers "than detractors think or say, and there are more trying to improve their product than are given credit for the effort. . . . Responsible editors have set about meeting challenges for some time now." He cited, as proof, the work of organizations like the American Press Institute at Columbia, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, the regional meetings of United Press International, and the Nieman Fellows.

"We are in the position of telling a lot of people a lot more than they want to know," Ogden said, "even though it is in the very best form that we can devise. But I know of no other answer than to keep everlastingly at it."

As the only representative of electronic journalism present, Eric Sevareid argued that communications in general, like other current human activities, was overextended "in terms of our attention span, our ability to comprehend." He agreed that broadcast journalism, like newspapers, was addicted to the crisis formula for presenting news.

"When you come down to specific formulas for improvement in the written press," Sevareid said, "it's got to lie in the area between the hard news and the hard opinion of the editorial page, in that realm called background, for want of a better word. And behind that there obviously has to be the development of far more educated journalists in many fields, not just the specialists." The difficulty in television, he went on, lies in "presenting the things unseen, such as general ideas. We do much better with things seen. . . . I do think that journalism in all fields in this country in my time has improved immeasurably, in terms of its moral responsibilities, its competence, its knowledgeability, and particularly its responsibility. I'm not sure it's less dull, but it is more responsible. . . ."

Most observers came away from these two sessions with the feeling that some perspective had been restored to the dialogue about the press—that the publisher politics involved in the hollow debates about managed news and freedom of information had been replaced by honest questioning about the character and purpose of newspapers, and equally honest estimates of their virtues and shortcomings. More of this searching, self-critical attitude on the part of newspapers themselves would do as much to improve the breed as anything else.

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Audio/Video

Clio's Commercials

SOONER or later, if you become closely involved with the broadcasting industry, you discover that there are television viewers who talk only during the entertainment portions of programs. These people never exchange a word during the commercials, but stare at the face of the tube in silent, rapt attention. They are the families of the men and women who earn their living making television commercials. The shoptalk of the breadwinners themselves is confined to those aspects of hard and soft sell which the nonprofessional television viewer is accustomed to regard with indifference, mild interest, or irritation.

Recently I spent a day with crowds of television commercial makers at the Waldorf-Astoria listening to speeches, panel discussions, and coffee-break gossip—and I never heard the word "program" mentioned once. It was an odd, sobering experience, to see how people working in the same trade can be so tightly sealed off from one another by opposite sets of values and assumptions.

I was invited to attend the 1963 American Commercial Television Festival by Wallace A. Ross, the staff director. In the morning there was a workshop devoted to trends and techniques in producing commercials. At lunch the grand ballroom was filled with advertising executives and creative talent who came to witness the presentation of the CLIO award figurines for the past year's outstanding television commercials. The affair was a study in human ambivalence. A week before, the FCC had announced that it was "greatly concerned" with excessive commercialization on television and radio. The commission had officially proposed to accept as government rules the limits on commercials voluntary adopted but not enforced by the National Association of Broadcasters. My mail had brought me a release from the newly formed League Against Obnoxious TV Commercials. A recently published survey of audience attitudes had shown a surprising consensus among viewers who were otherwise complacent about TV but annoyed by commercials too long, too frequent, and too interruptive. Not a whisper of any of these attitudes was heard at the meeting.

The participants were by no means without a sense of imperfection. One forthright art director of an agency said at the morning workshop: "Ninety per cent of the commercials on the air are junk. You know it and I know it. I watch television at home four hours at at a time and seldom see a good commercial." No one disagreed with him on the need for improvement, but the concern was all of a technical nature—better graphics, sharper sound, more telegraphic words.

THE makers of commercials do not have an easy time. They are not loved by the public as the entertainers are. They stand as unwelcome toll collectors at the gates of television pleasure, serving only the client, not the viewers. They are subject to no regulation by the government, but there is no way they can measure their effectiveness realistically, not even by the unpopular rating system. Theirs is an elusive, highly subjective business. There are no longer many opportunities for individual television commercials to be identified with particular programs. The creators must manufacture their commercials for arbitrary placement anywhere in the schedule, in the midst of programs of widely varying character. They create resentment when they interrupt stories. The advertising business being unstable, they are subject to more than ordinary competitive pressures involving struggles for power among art directors, copy writers, producers, and account executives. Amidst all this professional and human static there are creative people who would like to be proud of their work and find identity and satisfaction in it. From such individuals has come much of the steam behind the American Commercial Television Festival.

These people act as judges of entries for the annual awards in thirty-three product categories. They organize the workshops and form the advisory council of the four-year-old festival. Their object is to stretch the imagination of commercial makers in the U.S. and Canada by exposing them to the best the trade can produce each year. After the annual awards, reels of the winning commercials are shuttled around to advertising groups throughout the nation.

I saw quite a few of the winning commercials at the Waldorf-Astoria—and if there were many that faded quickly from memory there were at least some that are remembered favorably. The new trends are for actuality, comedy, and direct, intelligent communication. Live action is currently highly favored, Music is allowed more latitude. Single-frame cutting, squeeze motion, and avant-garde titles are in vogue. I apologize for sounding like a fashion reporter but there is no space for individual descriptions. One particularly memorable spot (in color) had the camera in a helicopter shooting down from the air at a great bridge in the Colorado mountains. In an uncut sweep the camera followed a distant car (Chevrolet) moving swiftly across the span. There was no sell—only the breath-catching grandeur of the scene unfolding to broad music. Generally, the winning commercials were at their best in humor or in developing a situation with a minimum of copy. In the workshop demonstrations I saw examples of television commercials at their most unfortunate: a substance that kept your cat's box fresh and dry and "had many other uses around the house," a giant dog barking for a food that comes in large chunks "for dogs with bigger appetites." The effect is unavoidably comic because so much energy is expended on so trivial an action; the discrepancy must be discharged in laughter to the detriment of the commercial. The judges gave no awards this year in the dentifrice and cigarette and cigar categories, because they found no exceptional advertising for these products. Sex and phony opulence are still heavily played in the general output of commercials, not to mention the difficult areas of deodorants and nostrums.

"It's hard to imagine what "creativity" can do with these products. The job cut out for the festival people in improving the common run of commercials is clear from the following comment by Harry B. Stoddart of the Kenyon & Eckhardt ad agency, a member of the TV Commercials Council: "Last year, roughly 44,000 TV commercials were produced in the U.S.A. Of these, agencies and production houses picked about 1,200 to enter for awards; 1,050 of these should have been left in the can. What's left? About 150 very good or outstanding spots. A pretty miserable record." Mr. Stoddart goes on to blame writers, art directors, producers, plans boards, groupthink, bright young middle management men, and the client. We wish Clio well as she sets about having "impact" on so strong a team. She'll need her trumpet and her papyrus—and she'll deserve her laurel. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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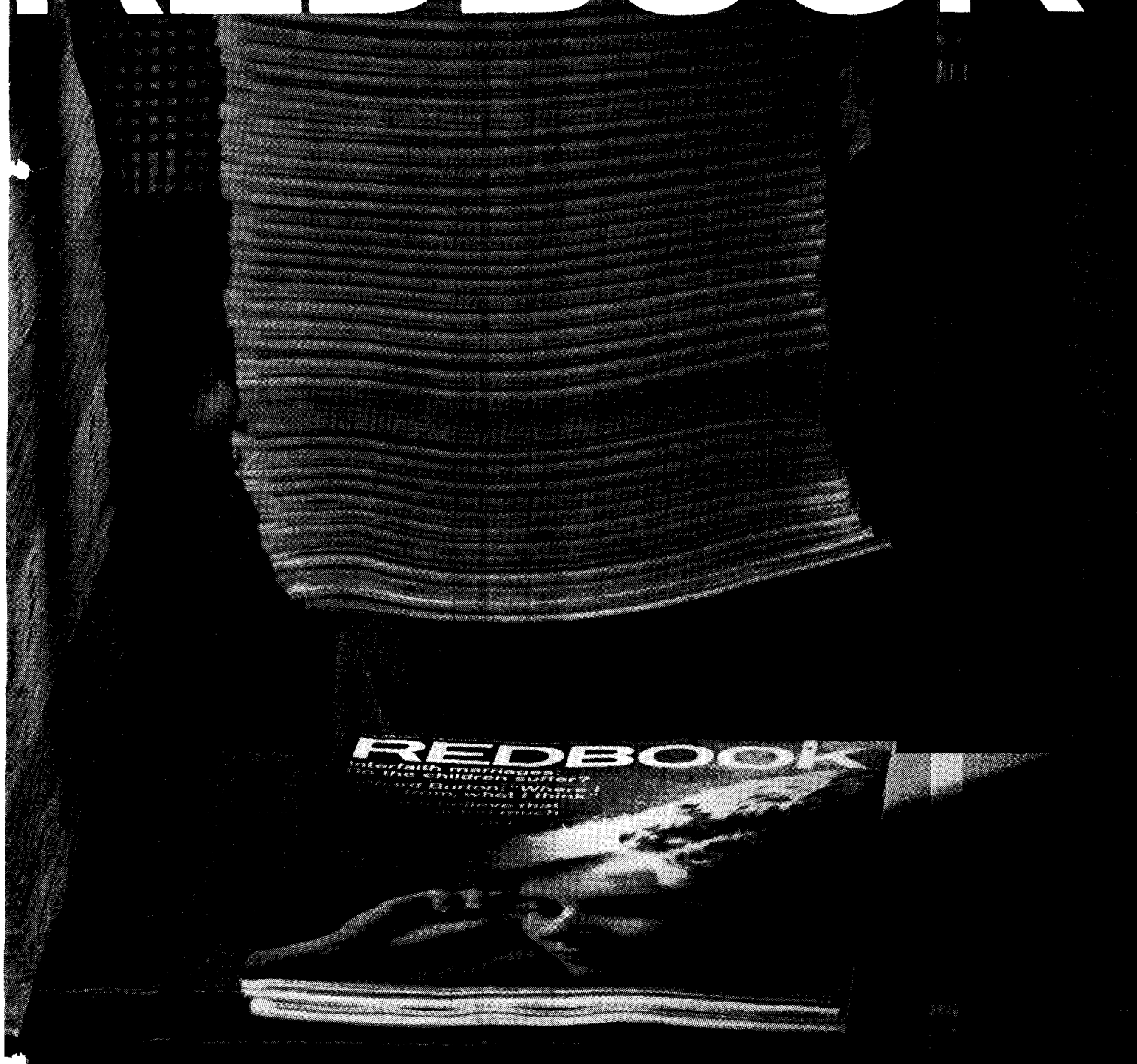
REDBOOK



Newsstand sales...another reason for Redbook's stunning success

Another measure of Redbook's vitality. Over a third of Redbook's 3,750,000 circulation is sold at the newsstand. More copies than Good House, Better Homes, the Post, Time—more copies than Life and Look combined. Because Young Adults want Redbook, they respond to Redbook.

The Magazine for Young Adults

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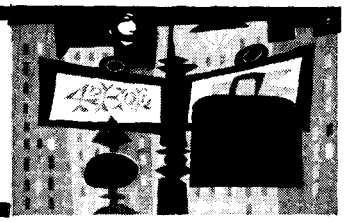
Madison Avenue



The New Products Boom

FOR THE last decade or so producers of consumer goods in this country have been on a new products kick of vast proportions. The average housewife can easily spot the results of this trend. Each week as she plies the corridors of her supermarket she encounters a bewildering array of new brands of detergents, cake mixes, and hair sprays, while old, familiar brands disappear into limbo overnight.

The new product syndrome has been widely hailed by some businessmen as a symbol of the continuing vitality of a free economy. This may indeed be true; but there is growing recognition that it is a disturbingly costly symbol for both the businessman and the consumer—so costly, in fact, that more and more people are wondering aloud whether or not a basic reassessment of the new product concept is overdue.

The new product trend is a relatively recent one. Prior to World War II the customary strategy of consumer goods manufacturers was to stick by established brands and build consumer loyalty for them. The only new products that appeared represented truly significant technological breakthroughs.

Somewhere along the line this strategy was cast overboard. Why plod along with established brands, manufacturers reasoned, when new products might offer even higher returns?

As a result of this thinking, old-line brands like Oxydol, Rinso, Dr. Lyon's tooth powder, Fitch shampoo, Kirkman soap, and Twenty Mule Team Borax were either discontinued or deemphasized. A vast spectrum of new brand names—Mr. Clean, Crest, Command—suddenly appeared.

In some cases companies have been willing to give up substantial markets in order to try their luck with new brands. The Seagram company is now withdrawing Calvert Reserve (whose sales volume has been estimated at $50,000,000 a year) to introduce Calvert Extra, billed as the first "soft" hard whiskey.

No one knows exactly how many new products are introduced annually, but various estimates put the figure for grocery items alone at between 6,000 and 10,000 a year. Each week, according to present estimates, the average supermarket adds about seven new brands and drops about four. At least half of the brands on the shelves were not there eight years ago.

On the surface, there would seem to be nothing wrong with all this. Heightened competition between new and old brands, one might argue, should result in improved products at lower prices to the consumer.

Nonetheless, despite these desirable theoretical considerations, the new product boom has not been an unmitigated blessing for either manufacturer or consumer.

One reason is that the cost of introducing new products has skyrocketed. Some studies estimate that the typical introductory campaign of a new product today costs ten times what it cost five years ago. It is not uncommon for companies to budget $10,000,000 for introductory advertising, free samples, supermarket promotion, and so forth in the initial month alone. Gillette this summer plans to spend $2,250,000 on advertising during a two-month campaign to introduce a new after-shave lotion called Sun Up.

These towering investments would be perfectly justified for a product that turns out to be a success. The trouble is that between 80 and 90 per cent of all new products introduced each year fail to survive their first year.

Though some companies apparently have attuned themselves to this incredibly high failure rate, many businessmen admit to being appalled by it. At a recent meeting of the American Marketing Association, J. F. Merriman, manager of marketing research at Campbell Soup, said bluntly that "the new product failure rate is a marketing disgrace." Mr. Merriman expressed bewilderment that so many companies were willing to initiate new products under such "inexcusable" conditions.

Why is the dropout rate so oppressive? Some businessmen offer technical reasons: inadequate test-marketing, inept research, weak advertising support.

A far more valid reason, however, is that most new products are "new" in name only. All too often they simply represent an old formula jazzed up with a new package, new colors—and a higher price tag. (Most new lipsticks today cost over $1, compared with about 10 cents two decades ago.) Many new products, in short, present no valid reason for the consumer to switch from an established brand.

In addition, many companies are extraordinarily emulative in bringing out new products. The moment one new brand seems like a potential success, an avalanche of similar items comes pouring forth. Lestoil, for example, enjoyed only a brief time in the sun before its market was invaded by Mr. Clean, Handy Andy, Liquid Ajax, and others.

The race to bring out new products ahead of competitors has reached such proportions that Alberto-Culver, an aggressive young toiletries company, sometimes maps out advertising campaigns for a product and shoots TV commercials before the product has even been developed.

The artificiality of the new products syndrome is vividly apparent in the razor blade market. For years the blade companies have been bringing out heavily advertised new products whose principal characteristics were a sharper edge, higher price, and shorter life.

Suddenly last year a small British company, Wilkinson Sword, Ltd., introduced on a modest scale a stainless steel blade that provided not two but about twenty shaves per blade. Without any advertising, the Wilkinson blades were soon in such heavy demand that many druggists rationed them. Now at least four domestic blade companies are bringing out their own stainless steel blades.

The staid and stodgy Wilkinson company helped remind American companies of an important lesson—that new products succeed when they truly embody a technological or esthetic innovation. Advertising alone, no matter how extensive, cannot convince people to adopt an item that answers no real and vital need.

There are some businessmen these days who believe that companies would do well to predicate their strategies once again on consumer loyalty rather than consumer fickleness. For the consumer may be getting a bit tired of paying the price of the manufacturer's imprudence.

—PETER BART.

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HOW TO SPOT A NEWSMAN

By JOHN HOHENBERG, *Professor of Journalism, Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University.*

MOST of the larger newspapers and magazines, and even a few TV-radio stations, have just concluded what may be the most intensive talent search to date on the nation's campuses. For an industry that for many years, has been singularly myopic about recruiting, it was a step in the right direction. For the aspiring youngsters who cheerfully submitted to scientific and unscientific testing, personnel department interviews, tryouts, and psychological brain-twisting, it was a hopeful sign.

Some time will elapse, of course, before the results can be evaluated properly. But to anyone who observed what went on at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, or the similar programs elsewhere, the conclusion was inescapable that all but Cro-Magnon editors are now willing to agree that journalists are trained, not born. However, it was also clear from the elaborate programs of observation and testing that journalists are presumed to have certain qualities of mind and heart that make it possible for them to do superior work.

This is not a new notion.

Sixty years ago, Joseph Pulitzer, the founder of the Pulitzer Prizes, drew up one of the most rigorous tests ever devised for journalists when he was searching for an editor for the New York *World*. He wired one of his agents, who had recommended Frank I. Cobb of the Detroit *Free Press*: "What has Cobb read in American history. . . . what works on the Constitution and Constitutional law? Has he read Buckle's *History of Civilization*? . . . What about the state of his health? How tall is he? Is his voice harsh or agreeable? . . . Take him to dinner and note his table manners. Is his disposition cheerful? Sound out his ambitions; whether satisfied, or looking to a larger field. . . . Describe minutely his appearance, color of eyes, shape of forehead, mannerisms, how he dresses. Search his brain for everything there is in it."

Cobb measured up, won the job, and went on to an illustrious career, although nobody at the *World* was ever quite sure what his table manners or the shape of his forehead had to do with it. Nevertheless, the Pulitzer method of thorough inquiry and the weight he attached to a man's background, preparation, and ability to read in many fields and to continue to grow are basic to the requirements for journalists today.

Ralph McGill, the Pulitzer Prize-winning publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, remarked recently that when he interviewed a prospective journalist, man or woman, he wanted to be certain first of all that the candidate was a reader. "You can't really hope to be much of a writer, it seems to me, unless you like to read," McGill explained. He added, with a wave of his hand toward a tightly packed professorial bookcase, "It takes a person who is fundamentally intelligent and fundamentally curious to do a lot of reading, and curiosity is, to me, one of the most important traits a journalist can have. In many ways, curiosity is the most important quality of all. If you aren't curious, I don't see how you can hope to write at all."

OTHERS of McGill's eminence tend to agree with him. Some of them suggest additional qualities that are sought in anyone who aspires to journalism or related fields. Paul Miller, the president of the Gannett Newspaper Group and of the Associated Press, says, "Any young fellow who wants to get along, and who has the stuff, can make good progress on a newspaper if he'll hustle." Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford *Courant* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, wants the kind of youngster who will "ferret out the truth and tell it to people." James Reston, the chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* and winner of two Pulitzer Prizes, usually emphasizes that successful newspapermen have "one great quality —vitality, drive, aliveness, call it what you will."

All these things are important—curiosity, vitality, hustle, the ability to read, and, of course, a thorough education. But finally, unless the young journalist is willing to work long, hard hours over his writing and develop his ability to use the English language with grace, felicity, and style, all his zeal may not help him. Oscar Hammerstein II, in discussing young lyricists, said something that was harsh but true about many young writers in all fields: "My observation about amateurs is that they are money-mad. . . . They don't spend enough time on each manuscript. They submit songs in their first draft. They don't go over them painstakingly as professional writers do, and they don't in the first instance dig it up out of their own brains and hearts."

The journalist, young and old, for too many decades has raised the specious plea of pressure and deadlines to excuse sloppy, wooden, and meaningless work. More often than not, to justify a slipshod effort, he has said with tears of self-pity, as did H. G. Wells: "I am a journalist. I refuse to play the artist. If sometimes I am an artist, it is a freak of the gods. I am a journalist all the time and what I write goes now—and presently will die."

How sentimental and how absurd! If newspapers have died, and many of them have, who is to say that many of them did not deserve to die because they no longer had anything to say to the people of their time? If journalists too often have excused poor writing because of lack of time, who is to say that this is because the journalist does not try hard enough to live up to his responsibility as a writer? Professor Charles P. Cooper, the old New York *Sun* managing editor who taught my generation of journalists at Columbia, used to say, "Good journalism not only approaches literature. It *is* literature."

Fundamentally, then, the journalist must be able to believe in the importance of what he is doing, to be devoted to a sometimes trying, sometimes exasperating, always demanding and—now and then—noble profession. He cannot be a mere word merchant, a "cracked kettle," in Flaubert's phrase, "on which we beat out tunes for bears to dance to, when all the time we are longing to move the stars to pity." Nor can he be a stenographer, woodenly reporting the daily processional of events. This basic honesty and integrity is something that no scientific testing is likely to uncover with the same directness that Joseph Pulitzer devised in testing Frank Cobb. For finally, after all the testing and interviewing are over, in journalism as in everything else, it is the person and personal values that count the most.

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AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

60,000,000 PROJECTIONS CAN'T BE WRONG

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

WHILE television's rating services continue to prevent the irrigation of the vast wasteland, people have been wondering if Neilsen and Trendex are correctly measuring audiences. Here and there we get hints that perhaps the raters still haven't found the ideal yardsticks: Merv Griffin receives 76,000 letters protesting the cancelation of his low-rated show, while a Pittsburgh woman says she puts on certain programs "because my cat likes them." (She is, of course, delighted that television caters to the twelve-year-old mind, for few cats live long enough to appreciate a higher level.)

Profoundly aware of this problem, I recently took a poll of more than three typical housewives, two of whom feel that no Catholic will ever be President. After giving their answers a national projection, I discovered this startling truth: the basic defect of the rating services is simply that they measure quantity instead of quality. Neilsen goes into far too many homes—sometimes as many as 600—to get its national trends; and Trendex often phones more than 1,000 people to learn what 90,000,000 have been watching. Obviously, it's hard to be accurate when polling so many people. In the words of Thomas E. Dewey, "Safety in *numbers?*"

Clearly, a new rating system is needed, one that measures not a broad base but a three-dimensional individual, one that rates not so much in length and width but in *depth*. I have devised such a system. It would determine audiences up to 150 megaviewers by plumbing the very souls of those who can't brush after every meal.

The viewing habits of only *one* outstandingly typical American family would be studied to make a projection for the entire country. Since this family would be a microcosm of all the TV-loving homes in America, it would have to contain the most common least common denominators, a collection of people with no distinguishing characteristic. Let's call these denominators the Retinas.

The Retinas live in a trailer camp in Dubuque, where their greatest dream is to understand subtle jokes before their neighbors do. They have two television sets, which are side by side and often play together to accommodate diverse tastes. Claude Retina is a 46.3-year-old sometime Presbyterian farmer who sells insurance, votes both Democratic and Republican as a way to fight Communism, loves the Kennedys but hates what they're doing, and puts his faith in God and a man's deodorant. His wife, Georgia, is a 38.4-year-old junior high school graduate who dreams of someday getting new brakes for the trailer, eats 2.7 pieces of dietetic bread a day, and sneezes 6.5 times whenever she uses the low-sudser that doesn't clog her automatic. She and Claude have 2.6 children: a boy of 9.8 who uses greasy kid stuff, a girl of 8.9 who likes round-the-clock protection, and a basset hound of three.

My new rating system would make a probing daily study of every Retina: each one would take a thorough examination on what he viewed the past day. If he didn't view the past day, the examination would be less thorough. But no matter which exam he took on his TV habits—the viewer's or the non-viewer's—his answers would always be truthful because he'd be under permanent oath by a federal court. You can already see what an improvement this system is over Neilsen and Trendex, which are often inaccurate because they have no power to arrest.

The viewer's exam would contain 930 penetrating questions that could easily be answered during the commercials of the late movies. Here are some samples. (note the clever use of essay questions to prevent guessing):

►Do you remember any program you saw today? If so, name it. (This question is optional.)

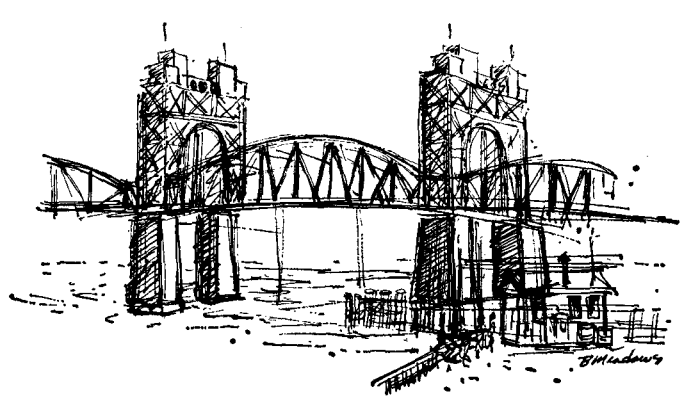
►Give the plots of any three commercials you particularly enjoyed today. What was the influence of Emerson and Thoreau on each? Do you ever sing along with commercials? Do you ever find their sound so loud that it awakens you?

►Do you ever listen to the radio while watching television? If so, do you like the sound and picture to deal with the same general theme?

►If your children had to live under educational television or Communism, which would you choose for them and why?

THE Retinas' answers to these questions would be sent to the heads of networks and advertising agencies, who could interpret them any way they wished, depending on what programs they wanted to justify killing. The important thing is that such a study in just one especially average family could reveal the profound truths needed to make the projections that would determine what all America is watching; for no man is an island. Therefore do not ask for whom the Retinas view. They view for thee.

Here's how the projections would work. As you can see, the Retinas, like most typical American families, break down into mammalian and non-mammalian viewers. Claude Retina would stand for 58,000,000 Presbyterian men (convertible to 29,000,000 low Episcopalians), Georgia equals 61,000,000 obese women, and the children would cover everyone else. I'm still awaiting word from the FCC on whether the basset hound can stand for all dogs below German shepherds, or whether he will be allowed to reveal only the tastes of his breed.



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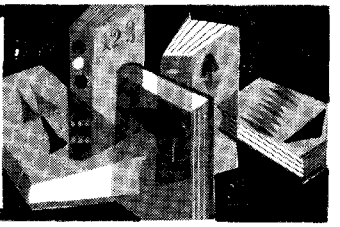
Books in Communications



Last Laughs

ONE DAY in early 1961 a peppery eighty-five-year-old newspaper editor in Santa Barbara, California, found his patience wearing thin. For months, Santa Barbarans had been besieged by a scatter-shot pattern of attacks against the loyalty and patriotism of school officials, clergymen, professors, against the Supreme Court and the United Nations, against defense alliances and foreign aid, all of it under a star-spangled guise of anti-Communism. The editor, anxiously watching the divisive effect on his community, had finally had enough. In two articles, the Santa Barbara *News-Press* told the story of the John Birch Society and its assault on the city, followed up with a front-page editorial that left no doubt where it stood ("The *News-Press* condems the destructive campaign of hate and vilification that the John Birch Society is waging . . ."), and continued with a campaign that saw the secret society wither into insignificance.

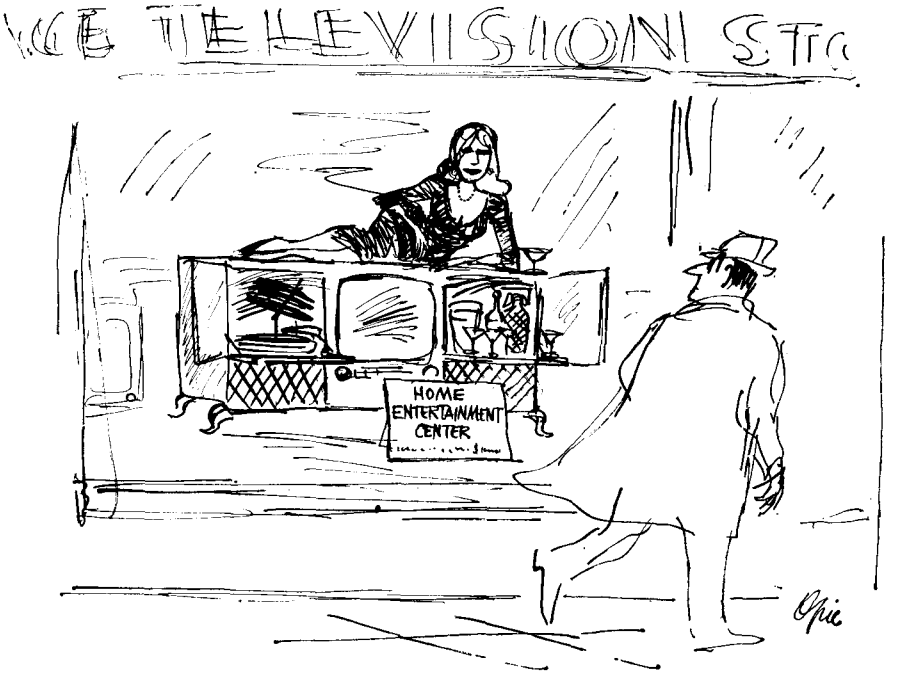
The editor, Thomas M. Storke, was no stranger to controversy. He had been a newspaper owner since 1901, had played important roles in state and national politics, and in 1938 had been appointed by the Governor to fill an unexpired term in the U.S. Senate. But this controversy was different. Santa Barbara was one of Robert Welch's early targets; people were not yet acquainted with his tactics; any attack on the Birchers might be interpreted as an attack on patriotism itself. Storke, taking that risk, did his job well. His decision earned him the support of the community, won him a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing, and made the *News-Press* a primer for other cities where the John Birch Society was trying to take root. Storke tells the story, modestly and effectively, in *I Write for Freedom* (Academy Library Guild, Fresno, California, $3.95), a book that succinctly refutes anyone who has ever doubted the power of one man's conscience or of one good newspaper.

While much of *I Write for Freedom* concerns Storke's early years as reporter, fledgling publisher, and politician, the emphasis is on the Birch battle and the opposing philosophies of the confrontation. The Birch philosophy was one of smear and suspicion; Storke's was one of simple exposure, spiced with that most disarming weapon of all—humor. "No idea seems too nutty for Robert Welch," he writes. "Merely exposing his monstrous ideas —merely ventilating them in the public breeze—is enough to bring sanity (and sometimes laughter, to be sure) into the discussion of public issues. The absurdities fall of their own weight or continue to be held dear by a minority so minute that it is more troublesome than dangerous."

Storke's prose occasionally lurches along as if it had been batted out against a midnight deadline, and he is capable of some of the most shameless homilies since Lord Chesterfield ("The best way to live long and enjoy life, I have found, is to keep mentally and physically active"). But if *I Write for Freedom* is sometimes short on style, it is invariably long on logic, revealing its author as a man with an impressive political sense, a tolerance that knows when to burst into indignation, and a sure instinct for what ink and newsprint can, and should, do. Citing the "potential danger" of government inquiries into organizations like the John Birch Society, he writes: "A search for subversion can turn too easily into a probe of political beliefs. Legitimate questioning can too easily become intimidation of witnesses who hold minority political opinions. Even a character assassin is entitled to develop his own political philosophy and put the hard sell behind it. Similarly, a newspaper doing its duty in a democratic society is entitled to bring every political philosophy into the light of day for public examination."

Thomas M. Storke, now in his late eighties and still the editor and publisher of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*, has offered his younger colleagues a lesson worth reflecting on: "We cannot," he says, "look to government to fight the war of ideas."

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS: Advertising's critics, as Joseph Seldin points out in *The Golden Fleece: Advertising in American Life* (Macmillan, $5.95), have worked, and sometimes overworked, three main themes in their efforts to switch the engines of affluence onto some other track. They have argued 1) that advertising does not, as its partisans claim, lower costs by expanding markets; 2) that advertising creates a pantheon of artificial wants, leaving real needs unfulfilled; and 3) that advertising, directing itself to impulse and emotion, has emphasized such profitable crannies of the human psyche as greed, snobbery, lust, envy, and ambition, to the detriment of more important values. But this neatly academic bill of complaint ignores what is undoubtedly the most widely held, if often unarticulated, criticism of all: that ad men are such notorious verbal



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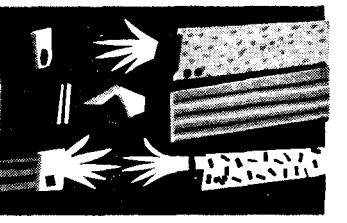
sorcerers, and the ads they produce so dishonest, misleading, and meaningless, that the whole kit and caboodle is in need of fast, fast, incredibly fast exile to Outer Insomnia.

To argue, therefore—as Seldin, an advertising man himself, does—that the uneasy romance of public and pitchmen can be smoothed by stiffer action on the part of such bodies as the Federal Trade Commission, and Food and Drug Administration, and the Federal Communications Commission is to overlook the real source of the problem. After all, a flurry of government crackdowns, with their inevitable publicity, would scarcely be calculated to inspire the confidence the ad men yearn for. The answer, despite Seldin's assertion that industry efforts at self-control have proved "ineffectual," would seem to be to keep trying—provided an answer to the imbalance between persuasiveness and purpose is really wanted in the first place.

But Seldin's book is something more, and at the same time something less, than an exercise in argument. Most of it is, in fact, a review of advertising's textbook cases—built-in obsolescence, the quiz scandals, Madison Avenue's anguished language, subliminal suggestion, motivational research, opinion polls. *The Golden Fleece,* despite its provocative title and impressive range, promises more than it delivers. It's a little as if Columbus, after weeks of sailing, had finally made his landfall, only to discover than Vance Packard got there first.

FAMILY TREE: Anyone interested in the antecedents of contemporary American periodicals will relish the appearance of *The Independent Reflector* (Harvard, $7.50), which reprints each of the fifty-two weekly issues of that pre-Revolutionary journalistic landmark. Published in New York in 1752-53, the *Reflector* was finally, as its editors put it, "tyranically suppressed"—but not until it had printed some of the most cogently vitriolic prose the colonies ever produced, set the powdered wigs of officialdom standing nervously on end, and given later historians a valuable view of that bristly local pride (". . . there is not a happier People in the World, than the Inhabitants of this Province") that was to cause the British so much trouble only a few years later. The *Reflector* also suggests, to the comfort of editors today, that the reformer's rewards haven't changed much in two centuries: "Malice and Obloquy have been the never-failing Portion of all Writers engaged in combating Bigotry and Oppression. . . ." An introduction by Milton M. Klein sets the scene. —James F. Fixx.

Public Relations



Company Pen Pals

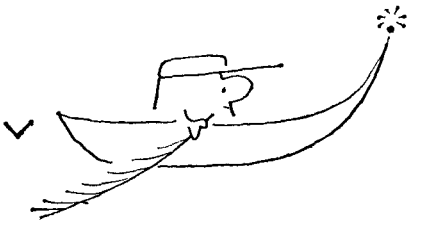
MANY of the larger corporations are finding that as they continue to automate their operations they progressively lose personal touch with their customers, because opportunities for direct contact become less frequent. One of the few ways left to make such contact is through letters.

The importance of effective letters in an overall public relations program is so obvious it is surprising that it has been neglected by many corporations. For it would seem clear that one of the ways a person judges a company is by the kind of letters it sends to answer complaints, or to provide clarification and information.

Firms like American Airlines, Chase Manhattan Bank, and General Foods have organized better-letter-writing projects. Other companies are moving into this area fitfully. But it has been the insurance companies that have been doing most, and have developed the best programs in this generally neglected sector.

It is an old problem for insurance companies. All contact with the public is by mail, except for advertisements, calls by agents, and occasional visits to company offices. For this reason insurance companies have for many years worked diligently to make their letters simpler, clearer, more direct, and thus more easily understood. Training people to write letters that make friends for the company means constant work, thought, and a desire to get away from the hackneyed, archaic correspondence that so many businessmen seem committed to dictating.

It is worth looking at two of the insurance companies that have stressed the importance of better letters: the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, which began its campaign for better letters in 1943, and the New York Life Insurance Company, which started its program in 1950. Both companies found, after studies were made, that terms were being used in letters that policyholders did not understand, that letters often offended rather than befriended them, and that the kind of form letters insurance companies had used were giving a "Model T" impression. The companies were particularly disturbed since about 75 per cent of Mutual's contact with policyholders is by letter, and New York Life dictates about 1,000,000 individual letters a year.



Mutual Life prepares, and frequently revises, guide letter manuals that are used by the company's letter-writing personnel. The manuals contain sample letters for the firm's various departments, such as compensation, auditing, group insurance, health insurance, benefit payments to policyholders and beneficiaries, service to policyholders, underwriting, and actuarials. Each agency of the company throughout the areas in which it operates has a manual that covers most routine letters. Each letter can be used with only a change of dates and other special notations, and can be individually typed, or it can be used as a guide.

This April, Mutual Life began letter-writing seminars. These round-table sessions, held four times a year, run from an hour and a half to two hours each, and are attended by about ten correspondents. They are in supervisory or staff jobs in departments of the company in which a great deal of correspondence is carried on with policyholders and the general public.

The first session of the seminars is taken up with "points to be aware of in writing good letters." Each of the successive sessions is devoted to composing letters that deal with the problems pointed out in the first session. At these sessions two representative problems are discussed, and replies to letters drafted by members of the group are criticized by all members. At the end of the full course, seminar members send copies of their letters every month for review and suggestions to the person in the company responsible for the better-letter-writing project.

New York Life's "Effective Letters Program," is probably the most intensive, the best prepared, and the best

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* ELEVENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 4, 1964, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College, 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.

James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 4, 1964. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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programmed campaign for better letter writing of any company in the country. Its materials are well designed, attractive, easy to follow. Humor is often used in instruction.

The course offered to letter writers by this company uses this material: a manual called *Effective Letters,* a hard-cover insurance-oriented basic text that is used in all writing programs of the company; *Effective Letters* bulletins, four-page publications issued every two months to those already trained in principles and techniques; the *Effective Letters Course Book,* used with *Effective Letters,* which gives exercises and drill work to correspondents in some three hundred field offices where no instructor is available; *It's the Style at New York Life,* a manual for stenographers, which deals with appearance of letters, memos, reports, grammar, good usage; *Dear Mrs. Calvin,* a sound film in color, which stresses the importance of "reader-oriented" letters; *Language of Letters,* a sound film in color, with art by Jules Feiffer, which stresses the use of conversational language in business letters; and *Before You Mail that Letter,* a short check list that serves as a reminder to those who complete a letter-writing program.

The seriousness with which New York Life attacks the problem can be seen in the training program held periodically at the request of department heads and managers. The program changes as needs change and as new techniques are developed.

The home office program has eight steps: the two films are shown; *Effective Letters* is studied; two half-day lecture workshops are held that concentrate on basic principles and techniques; participants submit five extra copies of their own letters for twenty-six weeks for review; the first five letters of each participant are evaluated for progress and are checked at the end of the twenty-six weeks; an eight-week "break" is given at the end of the first thirteen-week period of analysis; after completing the program the participant receives the bulletins regularly; and refresher training is always available.

Does all this work pay off for these two companies? The answer is that management, which is continuing these programs and constantly improving them, is persuaded that proper letter writing not only makes friends for the companies, but also saves time and money.

This generally unplowed field will undoubtedly be cultivated more enthusiastically by public relations directors anxious to do a better job for their firms—as anyone will be able to see by reading his own mail.

—L. L. L. Golden.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 49

which he chose to withhold from us at that time. Even then there was no attempt made to obtain this information from the *Bulletin* or to impede their further inquiry.

Some time later a Special Grand Jury was empaneled to investigate certain alleged charges of municipal corruption. One of the witnesses summoned to appear was the same former employee of City Council. He cooperated fully, and freely discussed his past association with the *Bulletin* and Mr. Selby. We were previously informed of trips to nearby resorts and interrogation sessions in hotel rooms where everything he said was taken down on a tape recorder. All of the expenses of these sessions, and of the subject, were paid by the *Bulletin.* He discussed with the Special Grand Jury as much of the content of these interviews as he could remember, and suggested that the tape recordings and stenographic transcriptions of statements made by him, at that time,

were in the hands of the *Bulletin* and gave his consent to have them examined by the panel. Accordingly, Mr. Selby was subpoenaed and ordered to bring with him all transcripts of conversations with the named subject. Mr. Selby refused to do this, or even to acknowledge the existence of transcripts. For this blatant refusal, Mr. Selby was held in contempt. Mr. Taylor was involved as the result of Mr. Selby's testimony that he could not comply with the court's order without Mr. Taylor's approval.

It is vitally important to note that no one is requesting the *Bulletin* to disclose the source of any news story. The Grand Jury has asked only for information received from one individual specifically named in the subpoena. They subpoenaed this material only after testimony from the subject was heard by them, and its existence and custody firmly established by the "source" of these statements.

Reduced to its simplest terms, this is a case of a subject who gave information to certain reporters and later disclosed the existence and substance of this interview to a Grand Jury. Under the circumstances of this case, there is no other comparable situation where the law would recognize a privilege that would allow a refusal to disclose this information. There are a few relationships which the law protects in far broader terms than the instant Newsman's Statute. In none of these, including attorney-client or doctor-patient, does the informed party have the right to refuse to disclose information when the informing party consents to the disclosure.

Departing for a moment from the legal aspects, what exactly is the *Bulletin* trying to protect? It cannot be the identity of its informant because this is known to everyone who reads the paper. As a matter of fact, the *Bulletin* freely disclosed in print the complete identity of its source of information long before any subpoenas were issued. What it is now claiming is an absolute right to protect the "statements" taken from this known source on the ground that these "statements" are themselves the source of the *Bulletin's* information. The sacred "source" which it is protecting now becomes its own files. To do this, it appears, its city editor and president are willing to suffer imprisonment. But they have surrounded themselves with a cloak of martyrdom woven from high-sounding Constitutional phrases about freedom of the press and protection of "confidential informants."

The Grand Jury requires this evidence to aid it in deciding the credibility of the subject by comparing his testimony with former statements given to *Bulletin* reporters. Its power and authority to obtain the substance of prior statements from anyone else is unchallenged. Had the subject made disclosures to anyone except newsmen, the Grand Jury would be long finished with this area. Thus, according to the position of the *Bulletin,* its reporters and staff members do have special rights in court that are not afforded to any other members of society. This is a position of sanctity which must continue to be unrecognized under our system of law.

Parenthetically, I should point out that newsmen have been called before this Grand Jury and asked to repeat conversations they heard from others. They have cooperated fully. One of them, strangely enough, worked for the *Bulletin.* The important "principle" for which the city editor and president are apparently willing to suffer confinement now adopts the quality of flexibility or expediency. It is invoked only when the paper involved chooses to do so.

I hope you will continue your policy of presenting both sides to your readers.

James C. Crumlish, Jr.,
District Attorney.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Coming June 15

SR's Annual University Press Issue.

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Chess Corner–No. 82

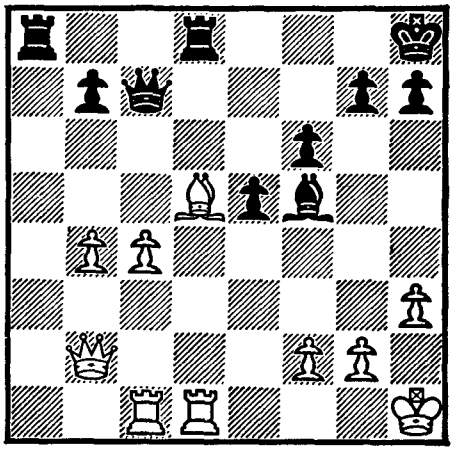
THE simultaneous exhibition, a spectacle which calls for the exhibitor to play many players at the same time, is impressive because of numbers. The world's record is more than 200 games at once.

Recently, Dr. Peter Trifunovic, a grand master and many times Yugoslav champion, played eight clock games simultaneously at the famous Manhattan Chess Club. Eight is a relatively small number, but there was more talent shown here than in exhibitions on a larger scale. Trifunovic scored five wins and drew three.

The grand master manages to bring home a minimal initiative. Basically, the position is reduced to a battle of Pawn majorities. White enjoys a Queenside majority, while Black's superiority is on the other wing. But White's majority is mobile, while Black's remains fixed. Eventually, White forces a Pawn to the seventh rank, and when it is inevitable that it will reach the eighth, Black resigns.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

	Trifunovic White			Shipman Black
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	13 B-N2	NxNch
2	N-KB3	P-Q4	14 BxN	P-B3
3	P-B4	P-B3	15 P-KR3	B-R7ch
4	P-K3	P-K3	16 K-R1	B-K4
5	N-B3	QN-Q2	17 Q-Q2	BxB
6	B-Q3	B-Q3	18 QxB	O-O
7	P-K4	PxKP	19 QR-B1	P-QR4
8	NxP	NxN	20 P-QR3	P-K4
9	BxN	Q-B2	21 B-Q5ch	K-R1
10	O-O	P-QB4	22 P-QN4	PxP
11	P-QN3	PxP	23 PxP	R-Q1
12	QxP	N-K4	24 KR-Q1	B-B4



25	P-B5	R-Q2	33 P-N4	B-K3
26	B-B3	P-K5	34 QxP	R-QB2
27	B-K2	RxRch	35 R-Q6	B-B2
28	RxR	P-QN3	36 B-B4	Q-B1
29	Q-Q4	PxP	37 BxB	RxB
30	PxP	P-R3	38 Q-Q3	R-K2
31	Q-Q5	Q-B1	39 R-Q8	R-K1
32	P-B6	R-R2	40 P-B7	P-B4
		41 RxR	Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

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(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

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FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

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AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1522

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Food for the mind.

B. See Word Z.

C. Entitled (comp. familiar to anybody who survived High School English; though WNI calls it *archaic*, most of us would think it already *obs*!).

D. Specifying term, till recently, for "renovated" butter.

E. The actively expressed, creative and revelatory thought and will of God.

F. As verification (2 wds.).

G. Expletive (colloq.).

H. Henry Ward Beecher called dandelions golden kisses on the cheeks of this.

I. Site, South Carolina, of important Revolutionary battle (National Monument).

J. The town of Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* (followed by *Prairie*).

K. That which a document contains as its signification; consequence.

L. Describing the assumed condition of many a lethal gun (2 wds.).

M. Legendary Greek hero whom Holmes's oysterman would imitate.

WORDS

183 45 47 154 133 59 67

180 121 137 153 6 167

32 141 162 169 53 19

143 138 25 64 126 28

192 58 179 66 119

168 77 161 145 100 131 111

62 57 9 92 108 3 78 99 39

52 165 177 15 90 16

79 144 40 95 149 139 105

8 142 103 34 193 170

1 98 158 171 152 181

124 38 85 60 51 48 22 159 189

191 23 127 10 71 163 18

DEFINITIONS

N. Zoology's term for the worker of several kinds of insects.

O. Adjective which means, in combination, *time immediately before this.*

P. Judged; umpired.

Q. Uncanny.

R. Liable to disappear or fall away.

S. One of the great Boston family names, entirely "proper".

T. Amer. economist and statistician, Dir. of Census fifty years ago (2 wds.).

U. Given name of a great English architect, Italian explorer, A. A. Milne character.

V. Two ancient and important Biblical cities linked by community of interest (3 wds.).

W. Expression familiar to the golfer and the diamond merchant (3 wds.).

X. A single solution (3 wds.).

Y. Unknowable objects whose existence is theoretically problematic.

Z. Followed by Word B, the ambidextrous batter.

WORDS

175 172 135 54 120 102 125

56 184 157 106 80 93

122 24 2 109 148 69 74 94

147 14 42 88

132 190 44 4 33 123 150 43

68 160 146 35 31 117

41 140 91 104 128 65 11 178 194 83 55 61

50 136 13 75 110 89 115 186 73 63 86

5 182 96 12 26 30 49 84 134 118 17 81

97 76 72 130 112 166 185 116 36 174

29 176 187 21 113 87 46 155 107 173

27 37 156 164 188 7 70

101 114 151 82 129 20

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 K	2 P		3 G	4 R	5 V		6 B	7 Y	8 J	9 G	10 M	11 T	12 V	13 U	14 Q	15 H	
16 H	17 V	18 M	19 C	20 Z	21 X		22 L	23 M	24 P	25 D		26 V	27 Y	28 D		29 X	30 V
31 S	32 C		33 R	34 J	35 S		36 W	37 Y	38 L	39 G		40 I	41 T	42 Q	43 R		44 R
45 A	46 X		47 A	48 L	49 V		50 U	51 L	52 H	53 C	54 N	55 T	56 O		57 G	58 E	59 A
60 L	61 T		62 G	63 U	64 D	65 T	66 E	67 A		68 S	69 P	70 Y	71 M		72 W	73 U	74 P
	75 U	76 W	77 F	78 G	79 I	80 O	81 V	82 Z		83 T	84 V	85 L	86 U	87 X	88 Q		89 U
90 H	91 T	92 G	93 O	94 P		95 I	96 V	97 W	98 K	99 G	100 F	101 Z	102 N		103 J	104 T	105 I
106 O	107 X	108 G	109 P	110 U		111 F	112 W	113 X		114 Z	115 U	116 W	117 S	118 V		119 E	120 N
121 B	122 P		123 R	124 L		125 N	126 D	127 M	128 T	129 Z	130 W		131 F	132 R		133 A	134 V
135 N	136 U	137 B		138 D	139 I	140 T		141 C	142 J	143 D	144 I	145 F		146 S	147 Q	148 P	149 I
	150 R	151 Z	152 K	153 B	154 A	155 X	156 Y	157 O		158 K	159 L	160 S	161 F	162 C	163 M		164 Y
165 H	166 W	167 B	168 F	169 C	170 J		171 K	172 N		173 X	174 W	175 N		176 X	177 H	178 T	179 E
180 B	181 K	182 V		183 A	184 O	185 W	186 U	187 X	188 Y		189 L	190 R	191 M	192 E	193 J	194 T	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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YELLOWSTONE
where Nature has outdone the Wizard of Oz

Not even the Emerald City of Oz had such wonders as Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. This is Castle Geyser

Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming is so unbelievable that when C. W. Cook wrote of his explorations there in 1869, *Lippincott's* Magazine refused such "fiction." Who could believe things like hot water spurting 200 feet high, glass cliffs and rivers that leaped off mountain tops? Or forests whose trees had turned into jewels?

Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

But this Land of Oz is real. This wonderland, unique in all the world, has been forever set aside so that Americans may enjoy its strange beauty. There are 3,000 geysers and hot springs; "Old Faithful" hisses, snorts and blasts tons of water into the air on regular schedule. There's a cliff of black volcanic glass. The falls of the Yellowstone River are twice as high as Niagara. There are more than 24 layers of petrified trees whose wood has become opaline veined with amethyst.

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Yellowstone is our National Park masterpiece, *a shining example of conservation's worth to both man and Nature.* Take pride in this island in time, in this part of the past set aside for the future. Come see it to appreciate its wonders and its meaning.

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Petrified forest—now columns of amethyst-veined opaline

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